

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 575.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1838.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.
(Stamped Edition, 5d.)

For the convenience of Subscribers in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazine. Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than 3 Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 9, Rue du Coq-St.-Honoré, Paris, or at the Athenæum Office, London. For France, and other Countries not requiring postage to be paid in London, 2s. 6r. or 1s. 2s. the year. To other countries, the postage in addition.

REVIEWS

The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and the State of Europe during the early part of the Reign of Louis XIV. Illustrated in a Series of Letters between Dr. John Pell, Sir Samuel Morland, Sir William Lockhart, Mr. Secretary Thurloe, &c. Edited by Robert Vaughan, D.D.; with an Introduction on the Character of Cromwell and of his Times. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

WHEN we saw announced 'The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, by Dr. Vaughan,' we looked forward with interest to a work which bid fair to illustrate an important period, and to vindicate the character of one to whom history has never done justice. Nor, when we found that the work was mainly to consist of edited letters, addressed to Secretary Thurloe, &c., did our interest diminish; since, although the edited documents of this period are already numerous, we yet knew that it was scarcely possible to ransack the voluminous stores still remaining in manuscript, without finding many a letter that would well reward the search. What was our surprise when on turning over these two bulky volumes, we found more than two-thirds of their contents to consist of letters from Dr. John Pell, detailing his speechifying, and misunderstanding and tedious conferences with the burgomasters of Zurich and Geneva; while the replies of Thurloe, which fill up good part of the remaining portion, scarcely afford more information respecting affairs at home, than the *Mercurius Politicus*, and other diurnals of the period. The names of Morland and Lockhart are paraded on the title-page; but the letters of the former are few and uninteresting, while those of Lockhart, which, from his close connexion with the Protector, and his important station as ambassador to the court of France, might be expected to contain valuable information, are only nine in number, and mere notes of compliment. Such is the correspondence which fills 796 pages! While to this is subjoined an appendix containing miscellaneous letters, with which, as affording "illustrations of the state of philosophy and learning in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV." we can find no fault, save that in a work like the present they are out of place.

The most important part of the work is the introductory essay, by the editor, on the character of Cromwell; and to this we shall chiefly direct the reader's attention. "History has hardly another man," says our author, "of whom so much has been written, and so little with a friendly hand; and we may add, of whom so many estimates have been formed, and yet so few on a sound philosophical basis. That this should have been the case during his lifetime, or immediately succeeding his death, is but what might have been expected; but that the prejudices of the seventeenth century should still be maintained in the nineteenth, and that even the advocates of Cromwell should content themselves with merely excusing him, instead of inquiring into the truth of the charges most commonly brought against him, is singular. The case really is, that Cromwell, in the most important points of his character, actually stands alone. While, like other soldiers of fortune, to use a phrase more popular than correct, he rose from a comparatively obscure station to supreme com-

mand, his early career,—nay, his conduct even up to his fortieth year,—was unlike that of every other man. He must, therefore, be judged without reference to others, but with constant reference to the times and circumstances which surrounded him. Now, the carelessness with which most of his biographers have passed over his earlier career, is, we think, one great cause of the difficulty they find in truly estimating his character.

The great charge brought against Cromwell, by every writer from Clarendon to D'Israeli, is that of having, from the earliest period, cherished the most inordinate ambition. Now, without stopping to inquire why that which is so leniently dealt with in others, who rise to as high a station, is censurable in him, let us revert to the circumstances of his early history. The son of a country gentleman, he was sent to Sidney College, Cambridge, then to Lincoln's Inn, whence, in his twenty-first year, Cromwell returned home, to marry, and to commence in good earnest a plodding country life. And yet at this very period there were the wrongs of the Puritans to arouse a mind that abhorred oppression; there was a corrupt court and a weak monarch to awaken the spirit of an Englishman; above all, there was the war of the Palatinate,—that war which taught the first lessons of arms to so many a parliament soldier;—and yet he, the victor of Marston Moor and Naseby, beheld all unmoved. Seven years passed away, and then Cromwell, as member for his native town, first lifted up his voice in parliament. It was during this interval that the religious change had taken place, which led him to adopt the views of the Puritans; and he consequently took his place on the Puritan side of the house. But his speech, on the only occasion that he gave his opinion, is that of a country gentleman, fearful of Popery, and disposed to look with distrust to the future:—how little could those who then heard him speak, how little did he himself think,—that a day should come when he should address Parliament in language which should cause the loftiest to quail before him! The Parliament was dissolved, and Cromwell returned to agricultural pursuits; and from his twenty-ninth year to his fortieth,—that most stirring and important period of a man's life,—all that we learn of him is comprised in the short notice, that, harassed by the neighbouring clergy, he meditated a removal to New England. It may be said, "his time was not yet," and we allow it; only it seems to us obvious, that he himself was as unconscious as his friends of his latent powers. Opportunities for distinguishing himself as a Puritan leader were continually occurring. Pym had long rendered himself formidable to the Crown; Hampden had already commenced the career of a patriot; Prynne and Bastwick had awakened the sympathies of the nation in their behalf; still, even when the five members had drawn the anger of the monarch upon them, Cromwell remained a mere country gentleman.

In the parliament of 1640 he was returned as member for Cambridge. But what was the subject which first engaged his attention? the draining of the fens; which, at the request of his constituents, he warmly opposed: and, although recognized as a firm adherent of the Puritan party, and as the friend of Pym, and the relative of Hampden, he who was so soon to gain a

name and a station far higher than theirs, seems to have been considered merely as a worthy quiet man. We have detailed these facts of his early life thus at length, because, after weighing them, we think it difficult to believe that he, who at so stirring a period remained, till his fortieth year, in such obscurity, could have been prompted by ambition in the first instance, still less by hopes of personal aggrandizement. We must also here remark, what many well-informed people are apt to forget, that it is scarcely possible to find, among the parliamentary leaders, one who came to the contest with less of personal hostility, either to prelate or king. While, from Lord Essex, even down to Prynne, there were multitudes who, in fighting the battles of the Parliament, avenged their own personal wrongs, Cromwell—untouched either by Star Chamber or High Commission Court, could say—and we doubt not, sincerely—that the wrongs of his religious brethren, and the principles of liberty, made him draw the sword.

With his appointment to the command of that gallant troop of horse, formed from among his own tenantry, it is probable that the first vision of military glory arose to his mind; but yet, although he rose steadily in the army, it was not until the battle of Marston Moor, three years later, that the nation, and not improbably himself, awoke to a full sense of his powers. In contemplating the circumstances of that battle, we have often thought that to them may be attributed the final arousing of Cromwell to his great work. The reader will remember that within little more than a twelvemonth, three great parliamentary leaders had been taken away—Hampden, Pym, and Lord Brooke; that the Royalists were increasing in power; and that the result of the meeting of the armies was anticipated by the Puritans with anxious forebodings. From that field Leven, Fairfax, and Manchester successively fled, when Cromwell snatched the banner from the flying cornet, and led his reserve on to complete victory. That Cromwell was deeply enthusiastic, we have the testimony of both friend and foe; and that that enthusiasm displayed itself in watchful expectation of direct manifestations of the will of heaven, we also know. How likely was it, then, when the victory denied to the three generals was achieved by him, that he should view it as an unquestionable proof that he was raised up to complete what Hampden had begun; to be the Joshua (to use one of his favourite similes) to lead the chosen people into the promised land.

From that day there was evidently a change in his whole bearing: he scrupled not to censure Manchester, and to rebuke the Scotch Commissioners; but still, though we can perceive that he viewed himself as absolutely destined to some great work, we have no reason to believe that a thought of the Protectorate arose in his mind.

"There were two points (says Dr. Vaughan,) about which he became especially concerned—the pressing of the war to an issue by more vigorous measures; and the destruction of every form of ecclesiastical intolerance. The first was not to be expected from the dilatory temper of the present commanders; and to the second, the presbyterians, particularly in Scotland, were the great impediment. This scheme of course involved an abandonment of the league and covenant, though adopted by the supreme authority of both nations. That Cromwell meditated anything beyond these objects at this time

is not proved, nor is it probable. * * Attacked in the commons, Cromwell retaliated upon his enemies by recommending from his place in that house the bill which has since been well known under the name of the Self-denying Ordinance. This ordinance, the necessity of which was strenuously supported by Vane, required that no member of either house of parliament should hold any military office beyond a certain day. * *

"While this ordinance was a matter of debate in the upper house, a committee of the two kingdoms proceeded with the re-modelling of the army, according to a plan on which they had been for some time deliberating. Having concluded their labours, they received various commissions from the hands of most of the members belonging to either house who held them,—but among them that of Cromwell was not found. This circumstance has a suspicious appearance, and has been alleged by many writers as an instance of that deep-laid policy with which Cromwell applied himself to remove impediments from the path of his ambition. But the occurrences which led to the exception in this case, have not been looked to with sufficient attention and fairness. They were certainly such as Cromwell could not have foreseen; and it may be doubted whether they were such as he ought to have resisted. The self-denying ordinance passed the upper house on the 3rd of April, and it was to take effect at the end of forty days from that date. When that interval drew near its close, Cromwell, who had been occupied in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, joined the parliament army under Fairfax, then quartered near Windsor. On the following day, Fairfax, as commander-in-chief, received a command from the committee of both kingdoms, requiring him to send Cromwell into Oxfordshire, to prevent a junction between the king's army and a body of cavalry under the command of Prince Rupert. Cromwell discovered the enemy, consisting of four regiments, near Islepe bridge in that county, and putting them to flight, he slew many, possessed himself of the queen's standard, and returned with about two hundred prisoners. He was then sent to protect the associated counties in the north-east division of the kingdom, the royalists having assembled in considerable force in those parts, while the Scots, dissatisfied with some recent proceedings, refused to advance southward. The first order of the committee to the army under Fairfax was, that it should march into the west; but the lord general was soon called from Taunton to watch the motions of the grand army under the king, which moved in the direction of the midland counties. In prospect of an engagement which would probably decide this great controversy, Fairfax was anxious that his cavalry should be placed under the command of Cromwell. He wrote to the parliament to that effect, and Cromwell was immediately required, by a vote of the two houses, to join the grand army near Northampton. He did so on the 13th of June, and on the following day the battle of Naseby was fought."

Thus, in the circumstances of Naseby, as of Marston Moor, the reader will perceive that the path of Cromwell was most singularly marked out for him. Even allowing that he had successfully intrigued to retain his command in the army, still his destination was to the north-eastern counties; and it was the petition of Fairfax, and the mandate of both Houses of Parliament, that sent him, only just in time, to gain a victory which crushed the hopes of Charles.

The conduct of the Long Parliament towards Cromwell was most unjust; and the source to which that conduct may be traced, shows clearly, we think, that religious hypocrisy has been wrongfully charged on him. What was the main cause of hostility to Cromwell? His zealous advocacy of religious liberty at a period when the Parliament, in religious intolerance, bid fair to rival the Star Chamber. It was this that exposed him to the denunciation of every violent Presbyterian preacher, and which procured for him the title of "blasphemer" from the Scotch Commissioners. And yet, had Cromwell but chosen to do what other soldiers of fortune, ancient or modern, have done—conform to the

dominant sect—he would have been received with open arms by the great majority of the Parliament; benedictions would have been showered on his head from fourscore pulpits in London alone; and the whole Scotch nation, though probably still envious of his renown, would have hailed him as the champion of the Covenant. But Cromwell would not play fast and loose with his religious sentiments: the views which he adopted at the commencement of his career, he held to its close; and, careless of the contumely which was unsparingly bestowed on its professors, Cromwell continued an Independent. Nor did the disadvantages arising from this firm adherence to opinions which he deemed right, merely beset him in his onward career: during the whole of his Protectorate, the Presbyterians ever ranked among his bitterest enemies; they fought against him in Scotland, they plotted against him in England—they were the most systematic of his opponents, and their influence eventually deposed his son, and reinstated Charles.

The part that Cromwell took in the execution of Charles, has been much exaggerated; in this, he was borne on by circumstances. To quote Dr. Vaughan, who, in our opinion, takes a fair view of the subject,—

"Cromwell, in particular, found himself shut up to the alternative of either moving on the wave, which no man had power to resist, and so of becoming a party to the death of the king, or else of relinquishing all connexion with the army,—which would have been to leave his own fate, and the great interests for which the war had been waged, in the hands of men, from whose uncontrolled ascendancy his own better discernment could augur nothing but confusion, weakness, and the return of the old royalists to power. He could not be ignorant, that while the army, and the fragment of a parliament which remained, included many able and honest men, there was no one mind among them capable of checking and balancing the elements of rival parties, so as to hold out any sober promise of harmony and stability. The course of events proved that the only man at all equal to the difficulties of such a position was himself; and this fact, so palpable to us, could not have been altogether beyond the reach of his own sagacity. Even in such a case, if we suppose him to have been persuaded that the punishment of death was a much heavier penalty than the king had justly incurred, a mind of faultless virtue would have refused to become a party to the inflicting of such a punishment. But where is the man whose moral aptitudes have never listened to those subtle processes of thought which relate to what is called a choice of evils, and who has not, as the consequence, allowed decisions appearing to be those of a strict rectitude to be softened by the influence of considerations regarded as carrying with them the weight of a great moral expediency? Where is the bosom whose arcana of motives will admit of a sifting of this sort, even when the matters which occur to test them are things far below a man's liberty or life, a nation's freedom and happiness? But we have still to learn, that the reasoning concerning the absolute justice of the proceedings against the king, which satisfied such men as Ludlow and Hutchinson, were not in the end satisfactory to Cromwell. We only know that for some time, as the effect of his larger views on the subject, he betrayed more hesitation in relation to it than many of his colleagues."

To this we may add, that the notion that Cromwell felt any sentimental horror at the act—a notion which even Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Woodstock,' encourages—has always seemed to us too extravagant to be for a moment believed. In an age that numbered drawing and quartering, and even burning, among its punishments, what was there in beholding to excite the horror of the soldier? Nor even if the rank of the victim be contemplated, can we believe that this appeared so appalling to that age, as it would to the present. Capital punishment of the great had been far from uncommon: right royal

blood, in the preceding century, had abundantly bathed the scaffold; and, looking back on the executions of a Somerset, and a Norfolk, a Lady Jane Grey, and a Mary of Scotland, it is difficult to imagine our forefathers could have felt that shrinking horror which Hume tells us was felt at the execution of Charles.

From this period Cromwell evidently appears as the moulder of his own fortunes. He saw himself surrounded by discordant elements, which required a presiding mind to reduce to order; and to that task he bent all his energies—with what success is well known, with what advantage to the country the following gives a comprehensive view:—

"History informs us that Cromwell not only showed himself equal to those exigencies, but that he secured to the country comparative order and tranquillity; encouraged learning, agriculture, and commerce; and so far augmented her general resources and naval power, as to confer upon England a name and influence in the affairs of Europe, which she had not attained under the sway of any sovereign in the long line of her princes. With the commencement of the civil war, the spirit and power of the country began to manifest itself as in the best days of Elizabeth. The nation of which foreigners had learnt to speak as having become one of the most pusillanimous, and the most incompetent to any critical or perilous undertaking, is suddenly found capable of affording proofs of well-trained prowess, both upon the land and the deep, to which modern history had no parallel. The only satisfactory explanation of this change would seem to be that presented in those popular views of government, and still more in those views of religion, which were then so commonly entertained by the soldier and the sailor, and which taught them to regard the contests in which they were engaged as relating immediately to their personal rights. It was the novelty and nobleness of the objects pursued, which gave this new development to the national character. * *

"Powers which had learnt to fear the infant commonwealth, looked upon it with increased apprehension so soon as it became probable that its energies would be directed in future by the mind of Cromwell, which, seen as it was at a distance, in the bold outline of its character, could not but promise a greater unity and vigour than ever to the development and application of our national resources. It was Cromwell who said, that he hoped the day would come, when the name of Englishman would be as sure an immunity from wrong in every part of the world, as that of Roman had been; and no Englishman ever did so much towards realizing that patriotic wish. It was this magnanimous temper that disposed the sarr populace which had gazed in heedlessness or exultation upon his remains as fastened on a gibbet in 1660, to lament, in less than seven years, that he had not been called from his grave to rescue their country from the contempt of the meanest of her enemies."

A Fact in the Natural History of Children, hitherto unobserved, which explains much concerning Infantile Diseases and Mortality. By John Gardner, Surgeon. East & Bulgin.

We are induced to notice this short pamphlet, less for the sake of its imputed novelty, than because it affords us an opportunity for once more recurring to a series of dangerous errors which pervade the management of infants, and on which we are desirous of fixing the attention of parents. The fact which Mr. Gardner considers as hitherto unobserved, is an irregular development of the brain, producing external deformity, and lying, as he thinks, at the bottom of a large class of infantile diseases. To such of our readers as may have honoured the medical articles of the *Athenæum* with an attentive perusal, it will be no novelty to learn that at the different successive epochs of life, different internal organs become the seat of a peculiar vital activity—that their sensibility is exalted, and a larger proportion of the entire mass of blood is circulated through their tissues. The organs

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thus circumstanced, is rendered, for the time being, what is technically called "a centre of fluxion;" and as its healthy energy is excessive, so it is peculiarly liable to derangement, and becomes the seat on which inflammations and other diseases fix, as it were by preference to all others, as long as the condition lasts. During the first years of life the head is pre-eminently such a centre of fluxion; and the physiological reason is not difficult to detect. At that period the cerebral system (the fountain of all living energy) is called upon not only to provide, as in the adult, for the wants of the existing organization, but also to administer to its development and growth. Not only, therefore, is the head relatively to the rest of the members much larger than in after life, but much more of the blood passes through its vessels. That diseases of the head are both frequent and acute in infancy is a fearful truth, of which most mothers acquire an early knowledge: among these, convulsions and water on the brain are objects of especial dread and anxiety. The frequency of the latter disease cannot but draw the attention of medical men to any alteration in the external form of the head; and we can hardly imagine that deformities, such as Mr. Gardner has delineated, can have been "hitherto unobserved," or, observed, without attaching to it great importance in relation to other concomitant symptoms. In reality, we believe that they are abundantly familiar to most practitioners; that they are regarded as a consequence of that condition of the organ which predisposes to water on the brain, and are watched with jealousy, so long as other symptoms of that fatal malady are threatened.

Setting aside, however, the question of originality, we consider that Mr. Gardner's pamphlet, if it draw additional attention to a "fact," affording so outward and visible a sign of a dangerous internal condition,—a fact which may be overlooked, when it happens to be unattended by acute or painful symptoms, will prove a real benefaction to parents and their offspring. The deformity in question, to which the author has given the name of *Kephalosis*, we believe to be but one symptom among many, dependent on a general and constitutional derangement; and we consider it more important as a token of that derangement, than as being in itself the cause of mischief. With respect to the more acute diseases of the head, and those arising in other parts from a morbid irritability of the brain, there is no deficiency of striking symptoms to guide the practitioner; nor do we imagine that much will be gained in that quarter by Mr. Gardner's teaching. But considering it as the indication of a peculiar constitutional affection, a chronic disposition, requiring an appropriate management, we think it well calculated to arouse parents to the adoption of the requisite treatment, which extends, by the bye, far beyond the range of the apothecary's shop.

The constitutional affection which we believe to favour irregular action and irregular growth of the brain, is that undefined habit of body so prevalent in crowded and ill-ventilated localities, and which is called rickets, scrofula, &c. &c., according to the various symptoms by which it is manifested. But the liability of the brain itself to be so affected, we conceive to be, in part at least, an hereditary predisposition, referable to an habitually excessive stimulation of that organ, produced by the duties, the pleasures, and the vices of civilized life. This influence, accumulated from generation to generation, produces a general predominance of the nervous temperament,—a temperament that affects the entire rhythm of organic action, and constitutes the civilized man an animal widely different from his savage brother. In virtue of this cause, the civilized infant is more prone to head diseases in

general, than the offspring of ruder parents; but the predisposition (in common with all others) is aggravated into positive disease, through a general constitutional weakness, a defective power of vital resistance to injurious impulses. In this, there is a vicious circle of causes. Whatever tends to lower the healthy tone of the constitution, gives freer scope to the morbid activity of the brain; and irregular action of that organ, affecting the general distribution of nervous influence, re-acts on the rest of the body, and increases constitutional infirmity.

The hot-house children of a highly civilized society require, then, a close and constant attention: first, to remove them from all debilitating causes which favour an unequal and irregular distribution of vital energy; and secondly, to moderate as far as possible all external influences that may over-stimulate the irritable and excitable brain. In the case, more especially, of those ill-thriven, ill-organized children, with large heads, pale surface, and shrivelled and distorted members,—who, moreover, not unfrequently discover in their precocious faculties a marked over-action of the mental organs,—too prompt and vigorous an effort cannot be made for the restoration of their health. To that end, all others should be absolutely sacrificed, whenever an incompatibility exists to render the sacrifice necessary; and the parent who sleeps over such a condition, or increases its danger by over-working the mind, for the gratification of paternal vanity, has to answer for the future health and happiness of his offspring, if not absolutely for its life. But the duty of society to the rising generation does not stop there. It is not enough to contend with actual disease; a rational and satisfactory education should extend to the prevention of malady, to the formation of a perfect animal constitution, which, besides its own physical value, is far more influential on the moral constitution than is dreamed of in most people's philosophy. The first operations of education should be exclusively directed to forming a robust and vigorous constitution: the rickety and deformed creatures that abound among the manufacturing and other operative populations, and are but too common among the better classes, are living proofs of a fundamental error in our institutions, of a dire ignorance in all classes, and a cruel indifference of governments to the happiness and instruction of the people.

To the easy classes, we should say, that no consideration should prevent their rearing their children in the country; and when the mothers are feeble and excitable, we are satisfied that the old custom of fosterage is not without its advantages. It not only places the infant within a more calm and healthy moral atmosphere, but not improbably must tend to correct any morbid cerebral organization, too probably derived from a nervous parentage.

But if a purer atmosphere and invigorating habits are necessary to the health of the children of the rich, much more is it essential that the offspring of the poor should be protected from the debilitating influences by which their parents are surrounded. In the present constitution of society, the poor can do nothing of this kind for themselves; and society, that is to say, governments, are called on to make an effectual provision against the graver evils of their ill-ventilated and filthy habitations. As a mere matter of police, and for the general comfort of all classes, the sewerage and ventilation of the poor quarters of towns, should be rendered as perfect as possible, at the public expense; nay, more, no municipality can be said to fulfil its duties, that does not provide a sufficiency of wholesome tenements for the labouring classes, laid out in spacious streets, accessible alike to the pure

breezes of heaven, and to the moral purification of the public eye. Considering the poor merely as hewers of wood and drawers of water, their health is a pecuniary object to the public; every deformed child, every sickly parent, is a rent-charge on society; but when they are viewed as members of the great association, and as responsible agents, entitled to protection, and born for happiness, every increase in their physical comfort must be regarded as doubly important,—as a step to moral amelioration, and as a means of subordination, of order, and prosperity.

Till more attention is paid to this fundamental point, the expenditure applied to national education will be, to a considerable extent, wasted. Moral and religious instruction, more especially, are thrown away upon beings surrounded by the most immediate causes of vice. The impressions received at home are far more important than those made in schools; and an unwholesome and unpleasant habitation contributes largely to both the moral and physical condition that predisposes to evil.

But whatever its condition of life, the child requires all the vigour of constitution that can be bestowed upon it. In the first years of infancy mortality is enormous; and the worst seeds of future disease are deposited and developed. With reference, more particularly, to the class of diseases which Mr. Gardner has touched on, we do not hesitate to refer them to causes manifestly within the control of society. Unfortunately, however, legislative assemblies have, in their composition, many lawyers, and seldom even one medical man; and more unfortunately still, an unbounded ignorance prevails throughout society, of the laws of man's physical existence, producing an inattention to his physical necessities, and consequently a too elevated notion of the importance of precocious intellectual acquirement.

But if, in the present imperfect condition of society, the attempt to attain to a more healthy condition of the rising generation should be deemed Utopian,—if children must continue to inhabit unhealthy localities, and to be surrounded with all sorts of debilitating causes,—the power of regulating the stimuli directly applied to the infant brain, resides in each individual parent. What the law is coarsely and empirically attempting for factory children, may be effected by all above sordid poverty: the child may be protected from over work. There is no necessity for cramming infants with the elements of book-learning, at an age which should be exclusively employed in acquiring health; neither at a later period is there any utility to be pleaded in behalf of the many consecutive hours devoted to the business of schools. There is no justification for the murders, and worse than murders, committed by unsuspecting parents and schoolmasters, in premature and excessive over-dosings of their children with instruction. Book learning is a very limited portion of the knowledge which is essential to the happiness of life; and book learning, in the fullest extent necessary for childhood and youth, may be attained without the present sacrifice of health and of happiness.

For the due appreciation of this truth, it is necessary to be aware that the better known forms of head disease (fatal and appalling as they are), are far from constituting the sum total of the effects of an excessive development of cerebral activity. The connexions of the brain, both functional and sympathetic, with the other organs of the body, are infinite, and its morbid influences on them proportionately numerous. But it is not in mere corporal disease, that we shall find the worst effects of this over excitement. No trifling part of the insanity, the fanaticism, and of that less definable, but not less fearful condition, habitual morosity, ill-humour, and hypo-

chondriacism, infecting, in after life, the interior of British homes, and blasting the happiness of entire families, are fairly traceable to the injuries done to a delicate and irritable organ during the first years of infant existence.

A Translation and Analysis of the Inscriptions on the Egyptian Obelisk at Paris—[Traduction et Analyse, &c.] By Fr. Salvolini. 1837. *Egyptian Monuments, &c.—[Monumens Egyptiens portant des Légendes Royales, &c.]* By Dr. C. Leemans. Leyden, 1838. London, Black & Young.

Rudiments of a Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics. By Samuel Sharpe. Moxon.

IN a former number, (see *Athen.* No. 504,) we gave an account of the discoveries made of late years in the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and pointed out the great advantages likely to redound to the history of early civilization, from a careful study of the monuments of the ancient Pharaohs. At the same time, after doing justice to the eminent merits of Dr. Young and Champollion, we ventured to state our opinion, that among the successors of those great men in the path of investigation which they first trod with firmness, by far the most sagacious and successful was Mr. Francis Salvolini. We have now to deplore the death, at the early age of twenty-nine, of that ardent and highly-gifted scholar, whose anxious, unremitting application to a favourite pursuit appears to have undermined his health, and to have brought on the illness which terminated fatally in February last, but a few months after the publication of his work on the Obelisk of Luxor, the title of which stands at the head of this article.

The translation and analysis of the inscriptions on the obelisk carried from Luxor (el-akkar) to adorn the *Place Louis XV.* at Paris, is worthy of the previously acquired reputation of its author. Not content with the superficial and imperfect interpretation of those inscriptions conjecturally derived by the Parisian archaeologists from the proper names and one or two other easily recognized expressions occurring in them, Salvolini aimed at no less than a complete explanation of every term of the inscriptions; and, with the exception of one or two hieroglyphic groups which baffled his penetration, he has certainly explained them all in a manner that appears to us equally satisfactory and skilful. The middle columns of hieroglyphics on three faces of the obelisk, commemorate the virtues of Rhameses II., under whose reign it was taken from the quarry; the lateral columns on the same faces, and the whole of the remaining or southern face, as the monument now stands, are devoted to the praises of Rhameses Sethos, or Sesostrius, in whose reign the obelisk was finished and erected. It is curious to compare Salvolini's translation of these inscriptions, with that of inscriptions on a similar monument (still, we believe, at Rome), made by an Alexandrian Greek named Hermapion, and preserved by Ammianus Marcellinus. In both, we find the same style and recurring phrases; and, indeed, their parallelism is so exact that the authority of the old Egypto-Grecian may be added to the other evidences of the correct views of the Piemontese archaeologist.

There is but one circumstance which, in our eyes, detracts from the merits of Salvolini's work on the obelisk at Paris; namely, that the publication of it interrupted that of the continuation of the *Analysis of the inscriptions on the Rosetta stone*, which valuable work was barely begun, and is now left incomplete by the death of its author. It is true that in applying successfully to the interpretation of one monument the principles which he had deduced from the

study of another, he furnished the strongest possible proof of their soundness; yet we doubt not that the studious public would have been better pleased if he had allowed them to judge of the solidity of the foundations from a sight of the finished edifice, and had aimed at bringing to a conclusion his work on the Rosetta stone. But we fear that a headstrong emulation impelled him to study a monument, the situation of which, in the French capital, made it the object of much attention, and which had, in some degree, resisted the hermeneutical powers of the French archaeologists. The morbid irritability of temper produced by a too constant application to study, naturally exhibits itself most plainly in whatever relates to the favourite pursuit, and Salvolini appears to have been constantly harassed by the fear that his labours would not be duly appreciated. His feverish anxiety to do justice to his own discoveries is conspicuous in all his writings; and from it may be easily conjectured the pain occasioned him by the attacks of certain French writers, who, there is good reason to believe, were prompted to oppose him, much more by jealousy than by love of truth.

The essay of Dr. Leemans on the royal legends of Egyptian monuments contains a commentary on the names of the Pharaohs occurring on the monuments in the British Museum, and in that of Leyden. He has adhered strictly to the chronological arrangement of Rosellini, or, rather, he refers his readers to the Tuscan antiquarian for information on all points connected with chronology, and thus, by the imperfect light in which he exhibits his subject, he very materially diminishes its interest. It is of little importance to know that on such and such monuments are to be found scattered the names or titles of a series of ancient kings, unless we know also the authority on which they are arranged in succession, or assigned to a certain period. Dr. Leemans rarely succeeds in the sufficient development of his reasoning, which to us appears not to be always conclusive; but, probably, with a little more experience, he will be able to remedy these defects, and acquire the art of luminous exposition. Here is a curious account of a mummy, the age of which ascends, we believe, at least two and twenty centuries before the Christian era.

The name Enentef, or Eintef, has been offered to us by a mummy case in the British Museum, which once contained the body of this king. This case, gilt all over, was found by the Arabs in 1827 at Gourna, on the mountain Il dra abü-l Nadja, in a sarcophagus which had never been detached from the rock in which the royal tomb had been hollowed. On the head of the deceased, over the shroud, was found a diadem ornamented with a golden Ureus; this diadem has been purchased for the Museum at Leyden, with the other monuments of the Anastasy collection. The body of the deceased was broken to pieces by the Arabs, who were in hopes of finding treasures in it; but their search was rewarded only by the discovery of a scarabeus of green jasper, set in gold, with five lines of hieroglyphic inscription on its under side, and one round the base. The case was purchased by St Athanasii, and sold with Mr. Salt's collection in London in 1835. This monument, together with the scarabeus, are now in the magnificent collection of Egyptian antiquities belonging to the British Museum. The fact that the royal diadem had been found on the head of the mummy, the remains of which had lain so many centuries in that case, and the existence in the museum at Leyden of this very diadem, which both from its immense antiquity and the character of its workmanship, is a matchless curiosity, prove that the mummy of a priest which was sold as belonging to the royal case, had been substituted by the Arabs for the body which they had destroyed in their search for hidden treasures. I do not believe that there has been any other instance of the discovery of a mummy

of one of the ancient Pharaohs, and I suppose that the preservation of the tomb in question may be ascribed to the superior splendour and richness of those of the eighteenth and following dynasties, which attracted the greedy conquerors, and particularly the Persians under Cambyzes.

We cannot omit Dr. Leemans' tribute of admiration to the lions which adorn the entrance to the hall of Egyptian antiquities in our great national museum, and on which we are accustomed to look with a particular veneration.

Dr. Rüppell (he says) was the first who made us acquainted with the two lions in red granite, which, at the time of his journey in Nubia, were lying among the ruins of the temples at Mount Barkal, near the isle of Meroë. That traveller stated, that when he saw the lions, one of them was broken to pieces, and that the line of hieroglyphics which was on the base of the other, could no longer be deciphered. Lord Prudhoe, who instantly perceived the value of these monuments, drew them from the ruins in which they lay buried, and carried them to England. There, after having all the fragments put together by skilful hands, this zealous patron of art and science, to whom the study of Egyptian antiquities in particular is deeply indebted, presented to the British Museum the two monuments perfectly restored, and constituting the most beautiful and noble specimens of Egyptian art. In going through the vast galleries of the British Museum, in which the masterpieces of Greek and Roman sculpture attract our eyes on all sides, and still serve as models to young artists, desirous to find out the secrets by which the great masters of ancient art have rendered their productions immortal, we are everywhere carried away with admiration, particularly when, on entering the great hall of the marbles of the Parthenon, we find ourselves at once carried back to the age of Pericles, at which epoch the arts of Greece had reached their perfection. But these impressions, though augmented by the good taste which has arranged all the objects, will not prevent the visitor from stopping with reverential awe before the two lions of red granite which guard on each side the entrance to the grand gallery containing the colossal monuments of ancient Egypt, couched on their pedestals, the one lying on his right, the other on his left side, with their heads turned towards the spectator; they seemed more like petrified animals than the work of a sculptor. I do not believe that there exists in any European museum any monument so likely to change the opinion of those who see nothing in Egyptian art but a servile and tasteless imitation of forms consecrated by religion in the infancy of art and civilization, and who ascribe to the influence of the Greeks whatever traces of an elevated style are to be found in Egyptian monuments. It was this prejudice which led M. Rüppell to conclude, while he stood in the midst of the finest remains of the times of the Pharaohs, that these lions must have been sculptured under the influence of the Greeks. But, if the royal names inscribed on their breasts, seem to approach the age of Psammetichus, there are still inscriptions enough on the bases of the two monuments to prove to us that they ascend at least to the seventeenth century before our era, and that we certainly admire in them productions of the best epoch of ancient Egyptian sculpture, monuments which have resisted the ravages of more than five and thirty centuries.

The Dutch government have confided to Dr. Leemans, who is the disciple and successor of Reuvens, the task of superintending the publication of the Egyptian monuments in the museum at Leyden, which is far more rich in papyri than the British Museum, and the first portion of *livraison* of this important work, is, we believe, already completed.

Of Mr. Sharpe's work we have little to say, except to express our sincere regret that he should have taken so much pains to show the world how far he lags in the rear of continental archaeologists. To Salvolini's name he never once makes allusion; he professes, indeed, to have made use of Champollion's writings, yet we can hardly be persuaded that he had ever seen or heard of Champollion's Egyptian grammar when he was writing the grammatical out-

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the commencement of his volume. He has compiled with great industry a hieroglyphical vocabulary; and to it we find appended that which, if the author had had clear views on the subject, would certainly have come first, namely, an alphabet; an alphabet too, comprehending with homœophones only 110 hieroglyphs; whereas, in Champollion's grammar, he might have seen, alphabetically arranged, 260 phonetic signs, a number swelled by Salvolini to 303. With so bad a method, and so imperfect an acquaintance with the elements of hieroglyphical writing, it cannot be supposed that Mr. Sharpe is a very safe guide; and, indeed, on our first glance at his Vocabulary, we perceived that the hieroglyphic symbol for corn or grain, is by him everywhere rendered *libations*, so that for "cattle, wine and corn," he reads, nonsensically enough, "oxen, wine, and other libations." Had he read the *Athenæum* (No. 504), he would have learnt from it the great progress made in hieroglyphical studies by a few zealous scholars on the continent; he would have also learnt that hieroglyphic inscriptions have been found of a more recent date than the reign of Commodus, and on many other points of research connected with that branch of learning, he would, we venture to indulge the belief, have found his speculations materially assisted by the attentive perusal of our pages.

Crotchets in the Air; or, an (Un)-Scientific Account of a Balloon Trip, in a familiar Letter to a Friend. By John Poole, Esq. Colburn.

Tas adage, that there is "a patch for every hole, a plaster for every sore," at least holds good as regards aerial navigation. Such as may have been grieving over the recent magisterial caution which forbade Van Amburgh's tiger to "climb the skies," cannot do better than cease from lamentation, and listen to the "balloonisms" of a Lion! Furthermore, they are bound to consider it in the light of an extra-compensation, that the literary intruder into the trackless fields of space, should be none other than their old friend and favourite, the redoubtable Paul Pry himself!

The crotchets before us—woven into a strain as merry as it is original—were noted down to satisfy the anxiety of one Tom, who anxiously inquired for particulars of his friend's aspiring journey. Paul (Poole) replies to his letter, query by query; enjoining him, *in limine*, "the next time he speaks of that particular travelling-carriage (the Great Nassau), to speak of it with becoming respect, and call it the Balloon. All others, whether beneath the clouds, within or above them, are mere balloon-sprouts, chick-balloons, Balloon-ettes, in short."

The motives for his ascent were not new. He wished to go out of town,—to escape travelling linen-draperies, who are to be found (according to his report) even at Thebes, "taking the length of a fallen column with a yard measure"—to avoid turnpikes, and those three nuisances of foreign travel,—passports, police, and *la douane*. In the air "there are no custom-house officers," Mr. Poole observes, with earnest self-gratulation, "to search your car, and ask, 'What have you got in that bottle?'" and he holds, that freedom from these drawbacks, to be nothing of the fact that such an excursion offers the poet the best conceivable opportunity for building "castles in the air," should be accepted as compensation in full for the sole attendant inconvenience—i. e. the absence of inns and places of entertainment.

So much for reasons and preliminary observations; now for details:—

"I do not despise you for talking about a balloon trip, for it is an error which you share in common

with some millions of our fellow-creatures; and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the rest of you. I know better now, Tom. The fact is, we did not go up at all; but at about five minutes past six, on the evening of Friday, the 14th of September, 1838—(you want 'particulars' so there they are for you)—at about that time, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, went down! Tom—Tom—I cannot have been deceived. I speak from the evidence of my senses, founded upon repetition of the fact. Upon each of the three or four experimental trials of the powers of the balloon to enable the people to glide away from us with safety to themselves, down they all went about thirty feet—then, up they came again, and so on. There we sat quietly all the while in our wicker buck-basket, utterly unconscious of motion; till, at length, Mr. Green snapping a little iron, and thus letting loose the rope by which the earth was suspended to us—like Atropos cutting the connexion between us with a pair of shears—down it went with everything on it; and your poor, paltry, little Dutch toy of a town, (your Great Metropolis, as you insolently call it), having been placed on casters for the occasion—I am satisfied of that—was gently rolled away from under us. * * *

"I apprehend that, judging from the common consequence of looking down from a point considerably elevated, you expect to be told that the sensation of dizziness was amongst the number. I remember meeting the younger B—, the surgeon, just after he had assisted at the opening of Porson's skull. 'Did you find anything extraordinary in it?' inquired I.—'I guess what you expect,' replied he, laughingly: 'We found a little water, but no Greek.' Now, you are expecting to be told

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

Not so, however, from a balloon at any height. I do not know the exact elevation of the Shakspeare cliff: I believe though, it is not, by a great deal, so high as the cross of St. Paul's. I have lain down on the verge of it (the cliff, please to understand me) and looked over into the sea; but have been compelled to withdraw by an overpowering sensation of giddiness. * * * At an elevation of twenty-seven hundred feet, I looked down upon St. Paul's—that is to say, from about eight times its own height—layers of smoke, like thin clouds, hanging just above the swell of the dome, and not the slightest inconvenience of the kind you expect did I, or any of my travelling companions, suffer from our exalted position!"

To continue:—

"The balloon being lightened of a bag of ballast, it became a little more nimble, and, from the direction it was taking, seemed inclined to start for a race with the Birmingham train. Presently, however, it changed its mind and took a different course. *Mind* did I say? no, no; it has no mind. The truth must be told. It is a senseless, swaggering, inflated creature which makes a figure in the world, but is supported by nothing intrinsically valuable:—gas, nought but gas. * * * We went—Why, bless my soul! now I think of it, I told you an hour ago: we went all the way to Wanstead."

And as for "Sights! There was all London at a grasp, made of baby-houses, and pepper-casters, and extinguishers, and chess-men, with, here and there, a dish-cover—things which you call domes, and spires, and steeples. Oh, the vanity of man! Then there were its squares and pleasant places, bedecked with gooseberry-bushes intersected by yellow strips, half a yard wide, in curves and zig-zags. Then there was the 'broad bosom of old Father Thames.' Broad! I looked down upon it at its broadest, excluding with my half-closed hand all other objects, and thought what a blockhead must be the architect of Waterloo Bridge to have built nine arches for it when one would have spanned it! * * * We passed along the Blackfriars Road (almost in a direct line), having hovered for a while over Bedlam.—At one end of the Blackfriars Road stood a bodkin bolt upright, with four little dots of light about it—they were just beginning to light the town—and at the further end were two other bodkins, commemorative of two great men."

It is impossible for us to extract a tithe of what Paul saw;—among other important items, Westminster Abbey, the Opera House, Pig-tail George, and the National Gallery, each of which

gives him occasion to crotchitize most pungently. Not so St. Paul's; a significant hiatus in the text indicates the true sublime of its appearance from the height above. Another famous building is less sacred in his eyes:—

"And here we are over the Tower. What would Julius Caesar have said at seeing his White Tower, with its four turrets, converted into a stand of cruet! * * * Looking down again, there are six little boxes, detached from each other, all of which might be placed in a moderately-sized room. They are the warehouses belonging to the St. Katherine's Docks! And there are hundreds of 'tall anchoring barks'—(of which, when immediately over them, you see neither their masts nor rigging, nothing but their white decks)—which appear no bigger than Thames wherries! Pretty little things! When ultra-liberalism shall have done its best for free trade, and for the all-against-us reciprocity system: when all the negroes shall have been *white-mancipated*: when Sambo shall be Emperor of Jamaica, Alcibiades King of Barbadoes, and Ptolemy Viceroy of Antigua; what appropriate, what commodious things those diminutive ships and warehouses will be for the purposes of our Colonies and Commerce! Don't sail away, little ships—you may ere long be wanted. * * * On the opposite side of the river we saw a line of arches, nearly as large as those of a bagatelle-table, extending to the length of about three miles; and on it were several little trunks, seemingly running away with each other: it was the Greenwich railroad, with its train in progress—the prettiest plaything imaginable. * * * It was now night—dark—and we had seen all the sights which daylight could show us. And where think you we are now? Up amongst the raw materials of which are made hail, rain, and snow—enveloped in the clouds. * * * It was a very nice, clean cloud Mr. Green chose for us, perfectly white, but (as I believe I have already told you) rather damp. It was so beautifully white that a crotchet took me that it must be the very material of which angels' garments are made. If so, and one had to choose between a fleecy cloud and fleecy hosiery, I should follow the counsel of my left elbow, which at this moment whispers me for which to decide. * * * It was semi-opaque; above, beneath, and round about us; and, although it did not prevent our seeing each other with perfect distinctness, it seemed to be so tightly drawn round the netting that supported the car, that had one thrust his finger through the meshes I fancied he must have made a hole in it. * * * It certainly did seem very odd to be perched up there, like birds in a wire cage with a white cambric handkerchief thrown over it, suspended from the ceiling, unconscious of the slightest motion, undisturbed by the slightest sound."

"Well; after some time we descended a little, leaving our nebulous curtain above us. But London showed another sight!—
"It was indeed a sight—one which has rarely, very rarely, been seen by, or within the memory of, even the oldest Balloonists." Mr. Green himself, in all his two hundred and seventy ascents, cannot number it more than (I think he said) four or five times. We certainly had been put upon short allowance of day-light for our observations, but here was a glorious compensation for that deficiency. *It was quite dark.* And now conceive yourself looking down on an enormous map of London, with its suburbs to the east, north, and south, as far as the eye could reach, DRAWN IN LINES OF FIRE!"

Here follow some sapient general speculations on the illumination of London, and particular ones on the march of *Gin*-tellect and quackery, evidenced in the numbers of palaces and medical establishments, discernible even by those voyaging aloft through the pure fields of ether. But we must have done—standing aside while Paul recounts the particulars of his descent:—

"Our cautious coachman (he says) had taken prudent measures for this, not very long after we had cleared the chimney-pots, spires, steeples, and such like impediments. Hands were set to work—his own being sufficiently occupied by the important care of the valve-lines—first, to unfix and take in the purple covering which, with its yellow fringes and festoons, conceals the white-wicker nakedness of the car, and gives it so snug an appearance. This

being done, and the covering folded up and placed in a bag at the bottom of the carriage, the next order was to let go the grapnel, which was soon dangling at the end of a line of a hundred, or a hundred and twenty feet in length. Then, the ballast being arranged, so as to be conveniently served at the shortest notice, we were ready to descend as soon as choice or necessity might require. And, when the final descent was determined upon,—"Now," inquired Mr. Green, "how much ballast have we got remaining?"—"O, plenty," replied some one.—"That answer won't do: how much?"—"Why, five or six bags under this seat, and four or five under the other."—"That won't do: how many bags exactly, and what are their weights?" These questions having been satisfactorily answered,—"Now, Mr. ———," continued Green, "be ready with a bag of ballast on your side, and you, Mr. ———, with one on your's; and when I call you by name—but be sure you wait till you hear your own name called!—please to throw out about four pounds of ballast."—"I give you these particulars, trifling though they be, first, in justice to Mr. Green, who, you will thence gather, is not the man to neglect a chance of safety even of the value of a grain of sand; and next, as letting you behind the scenes, as it were—an indulgence but seldom accorded to the spectators of the public performance, the ascent."

"It was not, however, till nearly two hours after these preliminary measures had been completed that the descent was accomplished. There was little or no wind, as you will infer from the fact, that at the end of a three hours' ride we found ourselves no farther than Wanstead. For nearly half an hour, the balloon, having crossed a serpentine thing about six yards long and two inches broad (the River Lea), remained almost stationary over a lime-kiln, near the junction of the Rumford and Chelmsford roads—quite high enough, though, to escape singeing. In vain did Mr. Green bob up and down, and up again, in the hope of meeting with a current that would carry us some where, the further the better; for a descent near London is never desirable (and the less so at night), as the balloon is generally followed by a numerous and mischievous rabble from the outskirts of the town. And so it happened with us. But up or down it was the same thing: there never was known a worse season for currents; so that, at each descent, there was the eternal lime-kiln beneath us, and no one seemed inclined to make that the landing-point. In vain, also, did our captain endeavour to elude the pursuit of the rabble (whose shouts we distinctly heard) by hiding himself in the clouds: no sooner did we re-appear, than again were we saluted with their 'sweet voices.' Well, we could not remain up for ever; so, a convenient spot for the purpose being discovered, there we alighted in safety and with perfect ease—not the slightest rebound intimating to us that we had touched ground."

Here we leave our voyager, entreating him further to follow the steps of 'Raymond the Romantic,' (vide the latter's 'Five Wishes,' the accomplishment of which was magnificently detailed some years ago in the *European Magazine*), and, ere long, to treat us with ninety-eight pages of deep sea crotchets, originating within the narrow dome of a diving-bell!

Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains, under the Direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. By Rev. J. Parker, A.M. Ithaca, N.Y.; London, Wiley & Putnam.

We are well pleased to see that, at last, the missionary societies have discovered the importance of giving a systematic direction to missionary enterprise, and that they no longer limit their duty to sending out preachers on mere speculative adventures, but deem it necessary to have accurate information respecting the physical and moral condition of the people whom they propose to bring within the pale of the gospel. The American Board of Commissioners having wisely decided that, in all cases, explorers should be sent to ascertain, by personal observation, "the character and condition of the Indian tribes,

and the facilities for introducing the gospel and civilization among them," engaged our author to investigate the interesting regions of "the far west," of which some valuable, but incomplete, notices had been given to the public in Lewis and Clarke's Travels,* and in Washington Irving's history of the settlement at Astoria. The country visited by Mr. Parker is interesting to the geologist and the naturalist, as well as the philanthropist; everything in it is formed upon a large scale: its mountains with an elevation of more than twenty thousand feet—its dense forests—its vast prairies—its plants of enormous growth, and its extraordinary traces of volcanic agency, wider perhaps in its range than any with which we are acquainted.

The difficulties and dangers of a journey, through such a vast extent of country, uninhabited only by wandering tribes of Indians, are obvious; and Mr. Parker thought it prudent to accompany the caravan sent annually to the Rocky Mountains by the American Fur Company. He proceeded, therefore, down the Ohio to St. Louis, and thence up the Missouri to Liberty. The reader may be curious to hear something of this town or village—the farthest, we believe, westward in the United States. "It is (says Mr. Parker,) a small village, has a court-house built of brick, several stores which do considerable business, a rope-walk, and a number of decent dwelling-houses." There is a resident Presbyterian minister; but the people refuse, "on christian principles," "to give him any thing for his support, lest they should make him a hireling." Mr. Parker was invited by one of the elders of the church to preach to them; but the invitation was withdrawn, as the people objected, lest he should say anything about "temperance or missionary efforts." Mr. Parker also observes, that there are some strange provincialisms common in this border country; among others, we observe, and it is not the least expressive, they call a traveller's baggage his "plunder."

After three weeks' detention at Liberty, the caravan, consisting of about sixty persons, started on the 15th May for the Rocky Mountains. A day's march carried them beyond the bounds even of border civilization. The country through which they passed is called the Sioux country, though other tribes of Indians are to be met with; and the whole number inhabiting the district amount, it is presumed, to from forty to sixty thousand. They are most of them wandering tribes, who rely on the chase for subsistence. Some, however, have attempted agriculture; and one of the chiefs applied to the caravan party for some ploughs, remarking, that "it is hard work to dig up our ground for corn by hand." Their condition, Mr. Parker says, is becoming more and more wretched; for while they have neither the knowledge, the means, nor much inclination, to cultivate their lands, they have an insatiable thirst for ardent spirits. Some tribes, however, to the southward, seem to get on more prosperously. The Navahoes, who number 2000 warriors, and whose country lies between the head waters of the Rio del Norte and the eastern branches of the Colorado, carry on agriculture to a considerable extent; have large herds of cattle, troops of horses, and flocks of sheep; houses of good construction, and, on a small scale, domestic manufactures. The information collected from impartial persons led Mr. Parker to believe that the Indians, generally, are well-disposed towards the whites; but owing to their intercourse with traders and trappers, and the injustice they have received from them, they are suspicious, and less

friendly than heretofore. The facts, indeed, stated by Mr. Parker lead to the inference that the white ruffians beyond the borders are greater savages than the poor Indians. It is, however, difficult for men engaged in the regular and orderly avocations of civilized life, to understand the provocations and temptations arising out of the toils, the perils, and the wearing privations and vicissitudes of the life of the hunter, the trapper, or even the borderer. Mr. Parker, however, was himself a witness of the barbarity with which the Indians are provoked to retaliatory excess:—

"Whilst at Bellevue, a man by the name of Garrio, a half-blood Indian chief of the Arickara nation, was shot under very aggravated circumstances. Garrio and his family were residing in a log cabin on the Papillon river. Six or seven men went down to his house in the night, called him up, took him away half a mile, and shot him with six balls, scalped him, and left him unburied. The reason they assigned for doing so, was, that he was a bad man, and had killed white men. If he was guilty, who authorized them to take his life? The Arickara nation will remember this, and probably take revenge on some innocent persons. This, I apprehend, is the way Indian wars are produced. While we charge the Indians with inveterate ferociousness and inhuman brutality, we forget the too numerous wrongs and outrages committed upon them, which incite them to revenge. They cannot apprehend and do justice to such offenders. Or if they could, would it not be published as a gross Indian murder and aggression, and a war of extermination commenced against them? When Indian offences are proclaimed, we hear only one side of the story, and the other will not be heard until the last great day."

Mr. Parker relates many other acts of violence and wrong committed by these lawless people; but we will not distress the reader by adverting to them, further than to observe that the battle of Pierreshole, with particulars of which, says Mr. Parker, the American papers were subsequently furnished, written by "a graphic hand," was a mere butchery of an offending tribe, men, women, and children, casually met with, who offered from the first, "tokens of peace;" and whose messengers sent to make these offerings were fired upon and killed; who were poorly provided with arms and ammunition; who fled at once to the cotton-wood trees for protection, and who appear to have fought, however bravely, only as a means of escape from slaughter.

On the approach of the party to Council Bluffs, they passed the Mounds which have given rise to so much discussion. Mr. Parker observes,—

"The mounds, which some have called the work of unknown generations of men, were scattered here in all varieties of forms and magnitudes; and thousands in number, and perhaps I may say ten thousands. Some of these mounds were conical, some elliptical, some square, and some were parallelograms. One group of these attracted my attention more than any others. They were twelve in number, of conical forms, with their bases joined, and twenty or thirty feet high. They formed about two-thirds of a circle, with an area of two hundred feet in diameter. If these were isolated, who would not say they are artificial? But when they are only a group of ten thousand others, which have as much the appearance of being artificial, who will presume to say they are the work of man? But if they are the work of art, and attest the number, the genius, and perseverance, of departed nations, whose works have survived the lapse of ages, we would interrogate the authors; but no voice replies to ours. All is silent as the midnight grave. 'The mind seeks in vain for some clue to assist it in unravelling the mystery. Was their industry stimulated by the desire to protect themselves against inroads of invaders, or were they themselves the aggressors?' Are they the monuments of western Pharaohs, and do they conceal treasures which may yet be brought to light? There is nothing plainer than that they were never designed as works of defence. But some, while they admit they were not designed for offensive or defensive operations of

* We may here notice the recent death of Mr. Clarke, announced in the American papers as having taken place on the 1st of September, at St. Louis, County Michigan.

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intelligent powers, suppose they were erected as "mausoleums; and that the difference in their size was intended to convey an idea of the difference in the relative importance of those whose bones they cover." If this theory is true, the La Trappe of the Mississippi, which I had an opportunity of examining on my northern tour, which is as much as one hundred and fifty feet high, and covering about six acres, must inclose mighty bones, or the bones of a mighty monarch. I would not be understood to dissent from the belief, that there are any artificial mounds in the great valley of the west, but I believe there is a great mistake upon this subject. It is said, by those who advocate the belief that they are the work of ancient nations, that they present plain evidence of this, from the fact, that they contain human bones, articles of pottery, and the like, which evince that they were constructed for burying places of the dead. That some of them had been used for burying places, is undoubtedly true; but may it not be questionable whether they were made, or only selected for burying places. No one who has ever seen the thousands and ten thousands scattered through the valley of the Mississippi will ever be so credulous as to believe that a five hundredth part of them are the work of man."

Here they were detained, partly by sickness, for three weeks. On the 22nd June they recommenced their journey, the Black Hills being their next appointed resting place. On arriving at Loups Fork, Mr. Parker observes,—

"There is nothing in this section of country to interest the geologist. I did not see a single stone, after passing the Papillon to this place, excepting a few small ones in the place where we crossed that stream, and which, on that account, is called Rock ford. It is one of the peculiarities of the dialect of the people in the westernmost states, to call small stones rocks. And therefore they speak of throwing a rock at a bird, or at a man. There are no forests in these western regions. The meadows spread out almost without bounds. There are only here and there some clumps of trees; and the rivers and smaller streams are skirted with cotton wood, elms, and willows. Whatever propriety there once was, there is none now, in calling the Indians children of the forest. * * Amidst the uniformity of the prairies, there is some interesting variety. It was interesting to see the various beds in which the river has run, and which it has forsaken while it has formed new ones. Formerly, perhaps not a very few hundred years ago, this river ran a hundred feet higher than at present; and it is this process which renders these rivers so very turbid. The water of Loups fork, however, comparatively speaking, is quite clear."

Mr. Parker had before observed, that the water of all this portion of the country, especially of the Missouri river and its large tributaries, is very turbid: a pail-full, standing half an hour, at the season of the freshets, will deposit three-eighths of an inch of sediment.

The Indians throughout the route were friendly; and here the travellers were invited to a feast:

"It is not customary for those who provide the feast to sit down with their guests; therefore, Big Ax and his associates sat in dignified silence on one side of the lodge, while those of us who partook of the feast, occupied the centre. The daughters of Big Ax served us on the occasion, and bountifully helped us with boiled corn and beans. Such are their customs, that to avoid giving offence, we must eat all that is set before us, or take it away, and Mr. Fontenelle took what remained.—In the evening we were invited to two others. The first consisted of boiled corn and dried pumpkins, and the other of boiled buffalo meat. I took away what remained."

There is nothing sufficiently interesting to detain us until we arrive at the place of rendezvous on the Green River, one of the tributaries of the Colorado:—

"The mountains (says Mr. P.) are indeed rocky mountains. They are rocks heaped upon rocks, with no vegetation, excepting a few cedars growing out of the crevices near their base. Their tops are covered with perpetual snow, which are seen on our left and before us. * * The passage through these mountains is in a valley, so gradual in the ascent and descent,

that I should not have known that we were passing them, had it not been that as we advanced the atmosphere gradually became cooler, and at length we found the perpetual snows upon our right hand and upon our left, elevated many thousand feet above us—in some places ten thousand. The highest part of these mountains are found, by measurement, to be eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. This valley was not discovered until some years since. Mr. Hunt and his party, more than twenty years ago, went near it but did not find it, though in search of some favourable passage. It varies in width from five to twenty miles; and following its course, the distance through the mountains is about eighty miles, or four days' journey. Though there are some elevations and depressions in this valley, yet, comparatively speaking, it is level. There would be no difficulty in the way of constructing a rail-road from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and probably the time may not be very far distant, when trips will be made across the continent, as they have been made to the Niagara falls, to see nature's wonders."

At the rendezvous were assembled many Indians, waiting to exchange their furs, horses, and dressed skins, for various articles of merchandise; and between two and three hundred of the servants of the Company, engaged at other seasons in trading, trapping, and hunting. It must have been a strange picturesque scene. Few of the men engaged in this trade ever return to their country. Most of them are constantly in debt to the Company, and are unwilling to return without a fortune; and year after year passes, and at last they drop into the grave, while they are hoping for better success. Beyond this point the caravan does not proceed; and Mr. Parker therefore engaged with a *voyageur* and a young Indian, as guides, and started for Fort Walla Walla, on the Columbia river, accompanied, however, for a few days, by a party of Indians and others travelling in the same direction. While yet in the mountains, one of his companions brought him some very good currants—several species, yellow, pale red, and black: an Indian also gathered for him some service berries; and two little girls presented him with a quart of strawberries.

"The Rocky Mountains at the east, presented the appearance of an immensely large bank of snow, or large luminous clouds skirting the horizon. The Trois Tetons were in full view, and not very far distant at the north. They are a cluster of very high pointed mountains, not less than ten thousand feet, rising almost perpendicularly, and covered with snow. * * On the 28th, removed camp, and passed over a mountain so high, that banks of snow were but a short distance from our trail. When we had ascended two-thirds of the way, a number of buffalo, which were pursued by our Indians, came rushing down the side of the mountain through the midst of our company. One ran over a horse, on the back of which was a child, and threw the child far down the descent, but it providentially was not materially injured.—Another ran over a packed horse, and wounded it deeply in the shoulder. The buffalo are naturally timid, yet when they have laid their course, and by being affrighted are running at full speed, it is seldom they change their direction, let what will be presented. * * The Indians are very kind to each other, and if one meets with any disaster, the others will wait and assist him. Their horses often turn their pack, and run, plunge and kick, until they free themselves from their burdens. Yesterday a horse turned his saddle under him upon which a child was fastened, and started to run, but those near hovered at once around with their horses, so as to enclose the one to which the child was attached, and it was extricated without hurt. When I saw the condition of the child, I had no expectation that it could be saved alive. This was the second case of the same kind which occurred since I had been travelling with these Indians. They are so well supplied with horses, that every man, woman, and child are mounted on horseback, and all they have is packed upon horses. Small children, not more than three years old, are mounted alone, and generally upon colts. They are lashed upon the saddle to keep them from falling, and espe-

cially when they go asleep which they often do when they become fatigued. Then they recline upon the horse's shoulders; and when they awake, they lay hold of their whip, which is fastened to the wrist of their right hand, and apply it smartly to their horses; and it is astonishing to see how these little creatures will guide and run them. Children which are still younger, are put into an encasement made with a board at the back, and a wicker work around the other parts, covered with cloth inside and without, or more generally with dressed skins; and they are carried upon the mothers' backs, or suspended from a high nob upon the fore part of their saddles."

But we must push on to Walla Walla, a station belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. It is situated ten miles below the confluence of the Columbia and Lewis rivers:—

"Two miles below the fort there is a range of mountains running north and south, which, though not high, yet are of considerable magnitude; and where the Columbia passes through, it is walled up on both sides with basalt, in many places three hundred feet perpendicular height, which renders the scenery picturesque. The soil, for considerable distance around, with the exception of some strips of bottom-land, is sandy, and for the want of summer rains is not productive. This establishment is not only supplied with the necessities of life, but also with many of the conveniences. They have cows, horses, hogs, fowls, &c. and cultivate corn, potatoes, and a variety of garden vegetables; and might enlarge these and other productions to a great extent. They also keep on hand dry goods and hardware, not only for their own convenience, but also for Indian trade. Most of the year they have a good supply of fish; of which there are abundance of salmon of the first quality."

The conduct of our countrymen is honourably contrasted with that of the American traders; and we feel great pleasure in adducing Mr. Parker's testimony to their character:—

"The gentlemen belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company are worthy of commendation for their good treatment of the Indians, by which they have obtained their friendship and confidence, and also for the efforts which some few of them have made to instruct those about them in the first principles of our holy religion; especially in regard to equity, humanity, and morality. This company is of long standing, have become rich in the fur trade, and they intend to perpetuate the business; therefore they consult the prosperity of the Indians as intimately connected with their own. I have not heard as yet of a single instance of any Indians being wantonly killed by any of the men belonging to this company. Nor have I heard any boasting among them of the satisfaction taken in killing or abusing Indians, as I have elsewhere heard."

Here he settled with his interpreter and guide, and engaged with Indians of the neighbourhood to conduct him in a canoe to Fort Vancouver—the business of one of them, according to his own report, was "to do the talking."

"At the La Dalles," says Mr. P., "commences a wood country, which becomes more and more dense as we descend, and more broken with high hills and precipices. Noticed a remarkable phenomenon—trees standing in their natural position in the river, in many places where the water is twenty feet deep, or much more, and rising to high, or fresher water mark, which is fifteen feet above the low water. Above the fresher rise the tops of the trees are decayed and gone. I deferred forming an opinion in regard to the cause, until I should collect more data. * * On the 14th, we did not make much progress on account of wind and rain. Encamped in a cavern under a large projecting rock, the upper part of which was formed of basalt, the lower of pudding stone. Although this encampment was at least six miles above the Cascades, yet the roar of the water could be distinctly heard. The same phenomenon of trees continued. I paid particular attention to the condition of the shores of the river and adjacent hills, to see if any evidence could be discovered of their having slid down from the hills by escarpment; but as their condition was the same where there were no hills near, I was led to conjecture, that I should find

at the Cascades the river dammed up with volcanic productions; and I was induced to believe it would be found to be so, from the fact, that the river, the whole distance from the La Dalles, is wide and deep, and moves with a sluggish current. On the 15th, the wind and rain continuing through the fore part of the day, I did not leave my encampment until noon, when we set forward and arrived at the Cascades at two o'clock in the afternoon. The trees, today, were still more numerous, in many places standing in deep water, and we had to pick our way with our canoe in some parts, as through a forest. The water of this river is so clear, that I had an opportunity of examining their position down to their spreading roots, and found them in the same condition as when standing in their natural forest. As I approached the Cascades, instead of finding an embankment formed from volcanic eruptions, the shores above the falls were low, and the velocity of the water began to accelerate two-thirds of a mile above the main rapid. On a full examination, it is plainly evident that here has been an uncommon subsidence of a tract of land, more than twenty miles in length, and more than a mile in width. The trees standing in the water are found mostly towards and near the north shore, and yet, from the depth of the river and its sluggish movement, I should conclude the subsidence affected the whole bed. That the trees are not wholly decayed down to low water mark, proves that the subsidence is, comparatively, of recent date; and their undisturbed natural position proves that it took place in a tranquil manner, not by any tremendous convulsion of nature. The cause lies concealed, but the fact is plain."

At Fort Vancouver he took up his residence for the winter, making occasional excursions in the neighbourhood, among others to Astoria, now familiarly known, at least by name, to the public. This "New York of the West" that is to be, is at present without any fortifications, has only two small buildings made of hewed logs, is occupied by two white men for the purpose of trade with the few remaining Indians who reside on these shores. There is about two acres of cleared land around it, a part of which is cultivated. Vancouver is the principal trading station of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is situated on the Columbia, upon a prairie of some few hundred acres, surrounded with dense woods:—

"The enclosure is strongly stockaded, thirty-seven rods long, and eighteen rods wide, facing the south. There are about one hundred white persons belonging to this establishment, and an Indian population of three hundred in a small compass contiguous. There are eight substantial buildings within the enclosure, and a great number of small ones without, making quite a village appearance. * * I am very agreeably situated (says Mr. P.) in this place. Half of a new house is assigned me, well furnished, and all the attendance which I could wish, with access to as many valuable books as I have time to read; and opportunities to ride out for exercise, and to see the adjoining country, as I can desire; and in addition to all these, and still more valuable, the society of gentlemen enlightened, polished, and sociable. These comforts and privileges were not anticipated, and therefore the more grateful. There is a school connected with this establishment for the benefit of the children of the traders and common labourers, some of whom are orphans whose parents were attached to the company; and also some Indian children, who are provided for by the generosity of the resident gentlemen. They are instructed in the common branches of the English language, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography; and together with these, in religion and morality. * * In the year 1835, at this post, there were four hundred and fifty neat cattle, one hundred horses, two hundred sheep, forty goats, and three hundred hogs. They had raised the same year five thousand bushels of wheat, of the best quality I ever saw; one thousand three hundred bushels of potatoes; one thousand of barley, one thousand of oats, two thousand of peas, and a large variety of garden vegetables. This estimate does not include the horses, horned cattle, &c. and produce raised at other sta-

tions. But little, however, is done at any of the others, excepting Colville the uppermost post on the northern branch of the Columbia. The garden of this station, enclosing about five acres, is laid out with regularity and good taste. While a large part is appropriated to the common esculent vegetables, ornamental plants and flowers are not neglected. Fruit of various kinds, such as apples, peaches, grapes, and strawberries, for the time they have been introduced, flourish and prove that the climate and soil are well adapted to the purposes of horticulture. Various tropical fruits, such as figs, oranges, and lemons, have also been introduced, and grow with about the same care as they would require in the latitude of Philadelphia. In connexion with this business and farming establishment, the Company have a flour mill worked by ox power, which is kept in constant operation, and produces flour of excellent quality; and a saw-mill with several saws, which is kept in operation most of the year. * * Here is a well-regulated medical department, and a hospital for the accommodation of the sick labourers, in which Indians who are labouring under any difficult and dangerous diseases are received, and in most cases have gratuitous attendance. * * It is worthy of remark, that comparatively few of all those who engage in the fur business about, and west of the Rocky Mountains, ever return to their native land, and to their homes and friends. Mr. P. of Fort Walla Walla told me, that to keep up their number of trappers and hunters near, but west of the mountains, they were under the necessity of sending out recruits annually, about one-third of the whole number. Captain W. has said, that of more than two hundred who had been in his employment in the course of three years, only between thirty and forty were known to be alive. From this data it may be seen that the life of hunters in these far western regions averages about three years. And with these known facts, still hundreds and hundreds are willing to engage in the hunter's life, and expose themselves to hardships, famine, dangers, and death."

Some of the servants of the Company have, it appears, "located" in the neighbourhood, turned farmers, and are doing well. They are mostly French Canadians with Indian wives. In one of his excursions Mr. Parker stumbled on an Indian village, where the influences of civilization had begun to make themselves manifest:—

"When we came to the river, which is about thirty rods wide, we hallooed a long time for the Indian who keeps a canoe ferry, but without success. At length two women came to the river, and with uncommonly pleasant voices, together with the language of signs, the latter of which only I could understand, informed us that the ferryman was gone upon a short hunt, would return in the evening, and the next morning, at sun two hours high, he would come and take us over. I never heard voices more expressive of kindness. I requested them to paddle the canoe over to us, and my men would perform the labour of ferrying over our baggage. They declined on account of the rapidity and strength of the current, the river being in full freshet. Therefore we had to encamp and wait for the morning. * * About the time in the morning mentioned by the two women, the Indian ferryman came, and crossed the river in his canoe. * * After the river, we crossed the valley of level alluvial soil, where it is about a mile and a quarter wide, and the east side especially is very fertile. Here the village of the Spokeins is located, and one of their number has commenced the cultivation of a small field or garden, which he has planted with potatoes, peas, and beans, and some other vegetables; all of which were flourishing, and were the first I had seen springing up, under Indian industry, west of the mountains."

The following is the account given by an Indian, of his feelings on first seeing white men:— "It was summer. He said these are a new people, they look cold, their faces are white and red; go make a large fire, and I will ask them to come and warm them. In a short time his people had made a fire, and brought new buffalo robes. The white men came into his lodge, and he wrapped them in the robes and seated them by the fire that they might be warm. The robes slipped off; he replaced them. Soon the white men made signs to smoke

their pipe. The chief thought they asked for food, and brought them meat. The white men gave him the pipe and they smoked, and after this they loved smoke, and they loved the white men, they said they were good."

Mr. Parker now embarked for the Sandwich Islands, and returned thence by Cape Horn to America.

Although the right to territory visited by Mr. Parker is a subject of dispute between the British and American governments, he experienced no jealousy from the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company: on the contrary, they afforded him all the assistance in their power to accomplish the object of his mission. The last record in his journal at Fort Vancouver is too honourable to all parties to be omitted here:—

"Having made arrangements to leave this place on the 14th, I called upon the chief clerk for my bill. He said the Company had made no bill against me, but felt a pleasure in gratuitously conferring all they have done for the benefit of the object in which I am engaged. In justice to my own feelings, and in gratitude to the Honourable Company, I would bear testimony to their consistent politeness and generosity; and while I do this, I would express my anxiety for their salvation, and that they may be rewarded in spiritual blessings. In addition to the civilities I received as a guest, I had drawn upon their store for clothing, for goods to pay my Indians, whom I had employed to convey me in canoes, in my various journeyings, hundreds of miles; to pay my guides and interpreters; and have drawn upon their provision store for the support of these men while in my employ."

As to the dispute respecting the boundary, we have neither space nor inclination to enter on the subject. The question was, some time since, under the consideration of the respective governments, and postponed, we believe, until the present year: whether the discussion has been renewed or not, we cannot say. The United States claim the 49th degree, on the ground that as that parallel is established on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, it should be continued to the Pacific. Great Britain claims the Columbia river as her southern boundary, by right of discovery, Capt. Broughton, who accompanied Vancouver, having ascended the river, and formally taken possession in 1792. We cannot but think that there is a third party whose interests have some right to be considered—of course we mean the Indians—who claim it as theirs, and maintain that they have only "permitted the white men to reside among them." The question, as between America and England, is one at the present moment so unimportant, that it had better be settled at once. Hitherto, all the efforts of the Americans to establish a lucrative fur trade beyond the Rocky Mountains have signally failed, while the Hudson's Bay Company has been only able to maintain itself by the completeness of its organization, and the strict watchfulness maintained over every part of the working of the system. But time, in the New World, works wondrous changes. Already settlers, we see, are beginning to locate in this district; and it is manifest that every year will involve the question still more, and make it of still greater consequence to both countries.

We have quoted but few of our author's notices on the geology and natural history of the district passed through, because his acquaintance with both sciences is manifestly imperfect, and he is rather too fond of indulging in theory. The true value of his work is the view it gives of Indian character, which bears upon it the impress of nature and truth. Some of the author's countrymen have complained that his pictures of the American hunters and trappers are too unfavourable, and exhibit a little of that morbid sensitiveness, which they say is too common in the United States. We do not share in these feelings. That great wrongs have been committed

against the red men is beyond question, and the continuance and tolerance of wrong is as impolitic as it is unjust; its direct tendency is to generate a race of white savages, adverse to every form of civil government; to perpetuate a system of aggressive anarchy, which may be directed backwards as well as forwards, and prove in the end as fatal to internal security as it is at present perilous to external tranquillity.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1839.

The Tourist in Portugal, by W. H. Harrison. —We have already spoken of the illustrations to this volume. In the pleasant but flimsy pages with which Mr. Harrison accompanies Mr. Holland's drawings, we find him largely indebted to Mr. Kinsey's book, and a manuscript journal kept by the late Mr. Murphy;—when he reaches Balaia, he draws upon Mr. Beckford. Miss Pardee's lively 'Sketches of Portugal' might have been consulted, to the further enrichment of his text; for though, in his preface, the editor speaks of "materials collected during a recent visit" to Portugal, and makes a show of sketching the succession of kings and literary men who have governed that country or rendered it illustrious, the work is remarkable rather for its paucity than excess of matter.

The Keepsake.—Here, also, being unable to quote from the clever prose which the volume contains, we must be brief. 'Fate and Lady Londonderry,' (the latter of whom has contributed a fragment from her Russian journal,) have not pleased that the *Keepsake* should shine, on the present occasion, by its literary excellencies; and there is nothing in the verses by Lord Maidstone, or the Marquis of Granby, the Hon. Edward Phipps, Lord Jocelyn, or Lord John Manners, to entitle them to a place in the pleasant anthology of minor poetry, which we usually glean from these year-books. The prose, as has been hinted, is of a higher order of merit. It is contributed by Lady Blessington, Lord Nugent, Mr. Bernal, Mrs. Shelley, Miss L. H. Sheridan, Mr. Howard, Mr. St. John, Mr. James, &c. &c. 'Mary of Mantua,' by the last-mentioned writer, is, perhaps, the cleverest story in the book.

The Gift.—An American Annual, (imported by Mr. Tilt,) which in external decoration and pictorial embellishment equals, if it does not surpass, any English miscellany of like size and pretensions. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any book, of the class, ever contained a more delicate and graceful illustration, than Mr. Sully's sketch of the lady screening her bright eyes and careless ringlets with a fan of feathers, which adorns the title-page; and is cleverly engraved by Cheney. There is much to admire in 'Miranda,' by the same painter, though the engraving be inferior. The heroine of the Enchanted Isle is, however, too old and too thoughtful wholly to fulfil the conditions of our imagination; and it would be difficult to prove the natural origin of the tresses which wanton so profusely in the storm. The other illustrations deserving praise, are from the works of English artists. The literary contents are, as a whole, fresh, various, and amusing. From two sketches of every-day life,—'Mrs. Nicholas Muggs,' by the author of 'Lafitte,' and 'Mrs. Chaloner's Visit,' by the editress, Miss Leslie,—it would appear as if that epidemic, pithily denounced in the *Westminster Review* some ten years since as the "Fashion Pest," raged as furiously in the cities and log villages of the New Country, as in our own May Fair or Bloomsbury. A proportion of wilder stories might have been infused among these petty details of folly and rivalry, with good effect.

The prose is "more worthy"—to borrow the grammarian's epithet—than the poetry. The following, however, is in a different mood from most of our extracts from the *Annals*; and many will like it all the better for its serene gravity.

Hymn in Harvest Time.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.

'Neath summer's bright and glorious sky,
While proudly waves the golden grain,
And through the falling fields of rye,
Comes on the joyous reaper train—
While nature smiles, and hill and plain
Are tranquil as the sleeping sea,
And peace and plenty brightly reign
By homestead, hearth, and forest tree.
God of the seasons, unto thee we raise
Our hands and hearts in melody and praise.

There is a sweet breath from the hills,
The incense from the mountain air,
Which from a thousand flowers distils
Its odours delicate and rare—
We feel its balm—we see it there—
Among the bending wheat-blades move,
Kissing their tops in dalliance fair,
As if its very life were love.
God of the harvest, whence its breezes blow,
Receive the humble thanks thy creatures owe.

Our loaded wain comes winding home,
Then let us rest beneath the shade
Of this old oak, our verdant dome,
And watch the evening shadows fade—
O'er mount and meadow lawn and glade,
They spread their deepening tints of gray,
Till all the scene their hues pervade,
And twilight glories melt away.
God of the world, who round thy curtain throws,
Thanks for the time of quiet and repose.

How still is nature all around!
No song is sung, no voice is heard—
Save here and there a murmuring sound,
As if some restless sleeper stir'd;
The grasshopper, night's clamorous bird,
Chirps gay, but all is hush beside—
And silence is the soothing word,
Whose spell diffuses far and wide,
God of the universe, by night and day,
We bless thee for the gifts we ne'er can pay.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Melton de Mowbray, or the Banker's Son.—Over-elaborateness of style—descriptions drawn out till the spirit of their commencement is evaporated by their protracted close—peculiarities of manner and outward appearance insisted upon, till the characters run no small risk of losing vitality and motion—such are the main faults of 'Melton de Mowbray.' Its author, however, may have conceived them to be merits, for it is owing to his obstinate constancy to them, that the plot of his tale has been disregarded—and not, if we aver rightly, from the inability to "knit up the unravelled sleeve" of his story by incidents more probable than those of a long-lost mother, who comes in between two duellists "with an Indian dagger,"—or a magnificent fortune at the eleventh hour unexpectedly rolled to our hero's feet, after the fashion of that emblematic device, which, once a month, consoles us upon the cover to 'Nicholas Nickleby.' The mother of "the banker's son" had been faithless, and Melton had vowed to destroy her seducer whenever they should meet: but this Hamlet-like thread of the tale is lost sight of throughout the first two volumes, which are devoted to the clubs of London, in the starry days of Fox and Sheridan—to the disasters attendant upon an enormous failure in the city—and to certain love passages between Melton, the "gloss of fashion," &c., and a Lady Helen Fawndove, who, in spite of a manoeuvring mother, remains constant to him throughout all vicissitudes, and is rewarded at last by his hand and the fortune aforesaid. To sum up,—though much cleverness, some good feeling, and some power, are displayed in its scenes,—'Melton de Mowbray' is but a heavy novel.

The Juvenile Poetical Library, edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts.—Mrs. Watts has always shown so judicious a taste in her selections for children, that her name is a guarantee for the worth of the work before us; and accordingly we find her task satisfactorily accomplished—though hardly with that extent of research which might have been expected from one so conversant with the minor poetry of England. The book is prettily got up, and illustrated by nine engravings, which have appeared in former miscellanies edited by the same hand.

New Editions.—Since our last announcement, new editions have appeared of some important and interesting works, and works then in progress of publication have been completed. Among the latter are the illustrated edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*, with notes by the Rev. H. Stebbing; the edition of Mr. Southey's *Poetical Works* in ten volumes, and Mr. Bentley's edition of *Thiers's History of the French Revolution*. Wordsworth's *Sonnets* have also been collected, and, with a few additions, published in one volume. *Rogers's Poems* prettily illustrated with wood-cuts, to match with the edition of his *Italy*, lately announced: and a neat edition of the *Poetical Works*, Latin and English, of *Vincent Bourne*. A second edition has also appeared of *Heeren's Historical Researches*, with a Life and other additions; and Mr. Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, which appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine*, has been published in a separate volume. New editions have also appeared of *Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*—*Pritchard's Microscopic Illustrations of Living Objects*—*Dieck's Christian Beneficence*—*The Oakleigh Shooting Code*—*Mayer's Sportsman's Directory*—*Scatchard's Memoirs of Eugene Aram*—and *Taylor's Bee-keeper's Manual*. *Ratlin the Reefer* has been added to Mr. Bentley's *Standard Novels*; and the second series of *Sayings and Doings* to Mr. Colburn's *Modern Novelists*. In a series entitled *Standard Library Editions*, very neat and very cheap reprints of *Kirk White*—*The Lady of the Lake*—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*—and *The Vicar of Wakefield* for one shilling each; *Marmion* for fourteen-pence; *Crabbe's Borough* for sixteen-pence; and *Bligh's Narrative of the Mutiny of the Bounty* at the same price. The same publisher is also issuing in numbers an edition of *Froissart's Chronicles*, with notes and illustrations; a valuable work, on which a little more care would not have been thrown away.

List of New Books.—*Practical Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine*, by S. Hare, royal 8vo. 10s. cl.—*The Tribute of Affection and Wealth of Friendship for 1839*, 32mo. 2s.—*Heath's Gems of Beauty*, 1839. 31s. 6d. silk.—*Price's History of Nonconformity*, Vol. II. 8vo. 12s. cl.—*The Amaranth*, imp. 4to. 31s. 6d. silk.—*The Night of Toil*, by the Author of 'Peep of Day,' 6s. cl.—*Golgotha*, by the Rev. T. Hare, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Goodough on Biblical Literature*, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Coleridge's Companion to the First Lessons*, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Newman's Lectures on Romanism*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—*Aristodemus*, a tragedy, 8vo. 4s. swd.—*A Treatise on the Integral Calculus*, by W. L. O. Utley, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Stegall's Manual*, new edit. 8s. 6d. cl.—*Merriman's Midwifery*, 8vo. new edit. 12s. cl.—*Sullivan's Dictionary of Derivations*, 12mo. new edit. 4s. 6d. bd.—*Goldsmith's Doctrine and Practice of Equity*, 12mo. 7s. bds.—*A Treatise on Optics*, by W. A. Griffin, B.A., 8vo. 8s. bds.—*Porson's Euripides translated*, 12mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—*Shepard's Thoughts on Private Devotion*, 12mo. cl. new edit. 6s.—*My Mother's Stories*, by Mrs. Copley, 6s. cl. 5s.—*The Game of Forfeit*, by Mrs. Bourne, 18mo. hf. bd. 1s. 6d.—*Land Measurer's Ready Reckoner*, by Neil McCulloch, 2s. 6d.—*The Practical Farmer's Manual*, by a Country Clergyman, 18mo. cl. 2s.—*Historical Account of Iona*, by L. M'Lean, 18mo. cl. 2s.—*Mercantile Forms of Accounts*, by G. Morrison, 6s. 7s. 6d. hf. bd.—*Scriptural References*, by Charles Leckie, 12mo. 6s. cl.—*The Christian Teacher's Pocket Guide*, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Haynes's Illustrations of Christian Faith*, 12mo. 2nd edit. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Moody's Refutation of Astrology*, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—*Mrs. Trollope's Romance of Vienna*, new edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Maugham's Outlines of the Jurisdiction of the Courts in England and Wales*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Beauty's Mirror*, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*The American Almanac*, 1839. 5s. swd.—*Natural History of Quadrupeds*, by F. Shoberl, new edit. 5s. hf. bd.—*Easy Lessons, or Leading Strings to Knowledge*, new edit. 3s. 6d. cl.—*The Little Reader*, 3rd edit. square, 2d. 6d. cl.—*Barwell's Little Lessons for Little Learners*, square, 3s. 6d. cl.—*Tegg's Present and an Apprentice's Square*, new edit. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Almanac de Gotha*, 1839. 4s. 6d. bds.—*Wild Sports of the West*, new edit. 6s. cl.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. CVIII. Forster's *British Statesmen*, Vol. VI. 6s. cl.—*Hand-Book of Carving*, 32mo. 1s. swd.—*Statutes at Large*, Vol. XIV. Part III. 4to. bds.—*Crotchets in the Air*, by John Poole, 8vo. 3s. cl.—*Ellis, or the Emperor's Son*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell*, edited by Dr. Vaughan, 2 vols. 8vo. 32s. bds.—*Fraser's Journey from Constantinople to Tebriz*, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s. cl.—*Gurney Married, a Sequel to 'Gilbert Gurney'*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Tranquil Hours*, by Mrs. E. Thomas, 12mo. 7s. cl.—*The Lost Evidence*, by H. D. Burdon, 2 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—*Reynolds's Exercises in Arithmetic*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—*Ada, a Tale*, by Mrs. Needham, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—This day is published, price 6s. 6d., DR. TAYLOR'S NEW WORK, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, and CONFIRMATIONS OF SACRED HISTORY, from the EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS. The volume is illustrated by Ninety-three Engravings. C. Tilt, London.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF
THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1838.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			9 o'clock, P.M.			External Thermometers.				Rain in inches, if at all.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Dew Point at 9 A.M. deg. Fahr.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb Ther.	9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Fahrenheit.		Self-registering			
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.						Lowest	Highest				
OCT.	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Ther.	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Ther.										
M 1	30.338	30.332	56.3	30.308	30.300	57.2	52	02.4	51.8	56.5	52.6	60.6			NW	Overcast—brisk wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.
T 2	30.356	30.350	56.4	30.360	30.352	58.4	52	03.4	55.4	59.7	52.2	57.6			N	{ A.M. Overcast—brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. Evening, Fine—light clouds.
W 3	30.428	30.420	55.5	30.394	30.386	56.5	50	04.5	55.7	60.6	47.8	60.4			NE	Fine and cloudless—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & clear.
T 4	30.394	30.388	54.3	30.362	30.354	56.0	48	03.1	51.0	58.5	53.2	61.2			N	Fine—light clouds & wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & clear.
F 5	30.352	30.346	52.7	30.334	30.326	54.3	48	02.7	49.7	56.3	46.6	58.8			N	A.M. Overcast—brisk wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless. Ev. Cloudy.
S 6	30.372	30.366	52.3	30.354	30.346	53.4	45	04.0	49.8	53.7	46.9	56.6			NNE	A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.
© 7	30.372	30.364	53.8	30.318	30.312	55.6	47	03.1	51.4	53.4	49.2	54.5			NNW	Overcast—brisk wind, with occasional fine rain nearly the whole of the day.
M 8	30.352	30.346	52.9	30.332	30.324	54.6	47	05.0	52.0	54.7	48.8	54.9			NW	Cloudy—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Very fine rain.
T 9	30.360	30.352	53.3	30.296	30.288	55.0	48	03.5	52.4	57.2	49.0	55.7			NW	Cloudy—light brisk wind throughout the day.
W 10	30.230	30.224	53.4	30.158	30.152	54.5	47	03.9	51.3	53.7	50.0	57.6			WNW	Overcast—light fog and wind nearly the whole day. Ev. Cloudy.
T 11	29.906	29.900	53.7	29.788	29.782	55.8	48	03.4	52.8	58.5	49.9	54.3			SSW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. (Sudden fall of the Barom.) Evening, Cloudy—high wind.
F 12	29.632	29.648	53.5	29.650	29.644	53.8	44	04.9	46.2	47.4	42.8	59.7			W	{ Fine—nearly cloudless—brisk wind the whole day. High wind during night. Ev. Fine and clear. [—It snow & rain. Ev. Cloudy.
S 13	29.762	29.754	47.4	29.810	29.802	49.4	39	03.1	39.4	39.8	36.4	50.3			W	A.M. Fine & cloudless—lt. wind. Sharp frost during night. P.M. Overcast—very light rain and wind throughout the day. Evening, Continued lt. rain, with high wind. [—High wind.
© 14	29.904	29.896	45.3	29.766	29.758	46.9	38	03.9	41.4	47.3	32.8	45.0			S	{ A.M. Fine—lt. clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy—lt. wind. Ev. Cloudy.
M 15	29.574	29.568	48.7	29.626	29.618	50.3	43	04.6	51.8	54.9	40.4	53.8	.075		W	{ A.M. Overcast—high wind. P.M. Cloudy—high wind. Evening, Overcast—light rain—high wind.
T 16	29.614	29.612	52.6	29.546	29.542	54.6	48	03.8	55.7	60.4	48.8	59.7			SW var.	{ Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. High wind throughout the night. Evening, Fine and starlight.
W 17	29.292	29.288	55.3	29.358	29.352	57.2	50	03.5	54.5	57.3	53.5	61.0	.125		SW var.	{ A.M. Fine & cloudless—lt. wind. P.M. Overcast—lt. rain & wind. Ev. The like, with high wind. [lt. wind. Ev. Cloudy.
© 18	30.054	30.048	51.7	30.014	30.008	53.5	41	03.8	46.2	52.7	42.0	59.3			SW var.	{ A.M. Dark heavy clouds—high wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless.
F 19	29.910	29.902	54.5	30.028	30.022	55.7	50	03.6	57.8	57.3	46.2	58.4	.033		SW var.	{ A.M. Overcast—very fine rain—light wind. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and starlight.
S 20	30.088	30.080	55.0	30.138	30.130	57.5	51	03.4	57.8	62.3	54.0	59.3			S	Overcast—light mist nearly the whole of the day.
© 21	30.296	30.292	55.3	30.254	30.250	57.0	52	03.6	55.8	60.5	48.4	63.5			SE	A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Cloudy the remainder of the day.
M 22	30.156	30.150	56.8	30.094	30.088	58.3	52	04.0	57.4	59.9	55.7	61.2			S	Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Rain at night.
T 23	29.960	29.952	57.0	29.874	29.868	58.3	53	04.1	56.7	56.8	54.8	61.0			S	Fine—lt. clouds, nearly the whole day. Ev. Cloudy, with occasional rain.
W 24	29.740	29.736	57.4	29.842	29.836	58.5	52	03.3	55.0	58.2	53.7	58.6	.083		S	Dark heavy clouds, nearly the whole day. Ev. The like with high wind.
T 25	30.118	30.110	55.6	30.054	30.048	57.3	50	02.5	50.7	57.3	46.0	59.9	.013		SW	{ A.M. Dark heavy clouds—brisk wind. High wind throughout the night. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind. Ev. Fine & clear.
F 26	29.780	29.774	56.6	29.848	29.842	57.9	52	03.7	57.3	57.9	49.0	58.2			SW	{ A.M. Fine—lt. clouds & wind. P.M. Dark heavy clouds—h. wind. Ev. Cloudy—lt. rain—high wind. [P.M. Over. Ev. Steady rain.
S 27	29.922	29.914	53.2	29.762	29.756	55.3	47	03.9	49.7	55.4	41.3	59.3			W	A.M. Fine—lt. clouds & wind. Heavy rain—high wind during night.
© 28	29.598	29.592	54.7	29.536	29.532	55.0	48	02.2	51.6	52.5	41.2	56.6	.488		W	{ A.M. Fine—lt. clouds & wind. Heavy rain—high wind during night. [P.M. 3 to 5, a hurricane, with fine straight wind, after which the wind somewhat abated—rest of the day fine & clear. Ev. The same.
M 29	29.356	29.350	53.6	29.550	29.544	54.4	47	04.7	49.2	51.4	43.7	57.2	.330		SW var.	Fine and cloudless—light wind throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy.
T 30	29.746	29.740	50.9	29.722	29.716	52.6	44	03.1	46.3	51.4	40.0	52.7			E	A.M. Overcast—light steady rain & wind. P.M. Cloudy. Ev. Cloudy.
W 31	29.824	29.816	49.6	29.812	29.804	49.5	43	00.5	43.3	43.3	40.0	52.0	.213		N	
MEAN.	29.993	29.990	53.5	29.977	29.970	55.0	47.6	03.5	51.5	55.1	47.0	54.7	Sum. 1.360		Mean Barometer corrected.....	{ 9 A.M. 3 P.M. Ev. 29.930 .. 29.910 C. 29.926 .. 29.908

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

FAILURE AND RETURN OF THE LIVERPOOL STEAMER.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Cork, Oct. 30, 1838.

SIR,—Having been a passenger on board the *Liverpool* steamer, during her late unfortunate expedition westward and back again, and knowing the interest you have manifested in the great scheme of Atlantic steam navigation, I offer no apology for communicating, immediately on my arrival here this morning, a few of the leading particulars.

We left port on Saturday the 20th—more than fifty passengers on board—in high spirits. The weather was then fair, but did not long continue so. The sea had run high for some days before, in consequence of long-prevailing violent west winds; it soon became a serious obstacle to our progress. Bad weather came on—rains and squalls. Still the boat went on bravely. At times the sea, which grew worse and worse, broke over her, fore and aft, sweeping all before it, and giving her not unfrequently tremendous dead dings, which, as we lay in our berths at midnight—or tried to lie—seemed absolutely to take up the ship and give her a shaking, as a dog does a rat. During this time it appears some damage was done. Some small leakages were sprung about the upper part of the vessel, such as might be expected in a new one under such circumstances, causing a little transient alarm, but probably without much reason. The fore cabin suffered severely: at one time the water, as I now hear, was some inches deep there. I also understand that the cargo, to the amount of 150 tons, appears to be damaged throughout. An accident at one time happened to the machinery, which occasioned a suspension of operations for some hours. Still we pushed on, not much exhilarated by such a begin-

ning, but yet more and more convinced of the staunch qualities of the *Liverpool* as a sea-boat, and moreover satisfied with the behaviour and management of the captain and all the officers on board. Thus matters stood when we were suddenly notified of the captain's resolution to turn back—a great sensation arose of course—a council was called—every cabin and berth turned out their cadaverous-looking tenants, sea-sick, sleepy and all. It seemed that the engineer had sent in a written report of the state of the fuel, from which it appeared, on a comparison of quantities and distances, that there was not enough on board to carry us through the voyage; and that consequently we must seek absolute safety in retreat. To this nothing could be said; we acquiesced with the best grace we could. At the end of between 900 and 1,000 miles, on the expiration of the sixth day, we turned round and went before the gale—the ship dashing through the surge with an eagerness which seemed to say that no time was now to be lost.

And now, you will ask, what was the cause of this difficulty? Want of coals, and nothing else. The ship is a fine sea-craft—nothing can be said against her;—she is as staunch as wood and iron could make her. The commander, and all his subordinates, did their duty like old sailors;—nothing that skill or science could do was omitted. Our progress, in point of fact, was satisfactory. In the worst weather, with raging seas, the wind against us, all but a few hours, and generally amounting to little short of a gale, we yet made at the rate of more than 150 miles a day—something like 6½ miles the hour. Even at this rate we anticipated completing the voyage at most in about twenty-one days, more probably in eighteen. But this was not to be done without coals; and the calculation seemed to be, that, having started

with about 564 tons, including 100 of Williams's resin and condensed peats, called "patent fuel," we had already consumed something like half of our stock: which proved that, instead of 564 tons, 800 would be the minimum of the quantity required to carry us through. This extraordinary consumption will excite surprise. The explanation of the ship's going to sea, provided as she was, with such a consuming power, will be called for. This question we have looked into as well as we could, having examined the papers and all the officers from whom information was to be had, and that information being freely given. It would appear that the ship was not sufficiently tried before starting. She went to Dublin, but that was no trial at all. More than this, it comes out that a very material alteration was made in a part of the machinery, after the Dublin trip, and without super-adding the least pretence of an experiment thereon, by which the consumption of coal was increased nearly 700lb. the hour. Other disclosures I might add, but I have said sufficient till an answer appears to explain this. The return voyage to Cork was made in three days. The vessel showed great powers of speed as well as strength. The passengers held several meetings during this time. A committee was appointed for thorough investigation, consisting of nine members—English, Americans, and others. From this committee we had a deliberate report of facts, which you will, I presume, see in due time. It was adopted without a single dissenting voice. Summarily, it lays the blame of the failure exclusively on the negligence of the Company's agent, acquitting all other parties, including the boat herself. At the same time it strenuously enforces the position, that this disaster in reality offers not the slightest argument against Atlantic steam navigation, though it is much to be

shared that discouragement will ensue to many minds in consequence of the failure. This consideration weighs heavily with the passengers, who are mostly commercial men. Of course there will be a panic in the United States, when the vessel becomes overdue there; and the suffering of the numerous relatives of those on board, for perhaps six or eight weeks, can be easily conceived. My purpose has been merely to give you a statement of the facts which have led to the failure.

STEAM NAVIGATION IN HUNGARY.

Vienna, 11th Oct. 1838.

As I know that the English public takes a great interest in the progress of steam navigation, I send you a few particulars regarding the experimental voyage on the Save.

It is now some years since Mr. Quin, in the account of his Descent of the Danube, first directed attention to the benefits likely to accrue to this empire, and Hungary in particular, from the establishment of steam navigation on this great artery of Austrian commerce. All the anticipations then formed, as to a cheap, speedy, and regular communication, were fully realized; and every Magyar began to feel that a day of golden prosperity had at last dawned upon his fatherland, when the disaster of Pesth struck terror into the stoutest heart. Circumstances, however, are tending once again to raise the spirits of all, and induce the belief that a powerful development of the national resources is in course of operation. First, the subscription in aid of the sufferers amounted to 103,000*l.*—then came the Fair, which, according to prediction, was to have fatal issue, but which was one of the most brisk of late years. Pesth now resounds with the hammer and saw; and, by way of giving a finish to the work of re-edification, all necessary steps have been taken to replace the old bridge of boats by a splendid chain bridge,—the financial arrangements being under the direction of Baron Sina, and the construction under the superintendence of our spirited fellow-countryman, Mr. Clarke.

But that event (the event of the season, as people in London say), which has excited the greatest interest, and promises the greatest results to southern Hungary, is the navigation, by steam, of the river Save, to within a moderate distance of the shores of the Adriatic. And here let me, for a moment, direct attention to the situation and future prospects of Semlin, the starting point of the voyage. A glance at the map immediately forces the conviction that, of all inland towns, it occupies the most important position, and is the geographical centre of the basin of the Danube, naturally the richest of all the alluvial valleys of Europe; for, by means already in operation, it communicates with Germany and Turkey; by the Theiss, with all the north of Hungary; by the Marns, with Transylvania; and by the Save and Drave, with Slavonia, Croatia, and Bosnia. In fact, this appears to be the only country in which it is possible to have river steam navigation on the grand American scale. In order to afford you as much information as possible regarding this interesting experiment, I have procured a copy of the log-book, and subjoin an abridged translation.

The steam-boat (of forty-horse power) was named the *Archduchess Sophia*, and started from Semlin as follows:—

Date of Departure.	Place and Hour of Arrival.	Remarks.
6th Sept. Semlin, 2 P.M.	Kupinova 7 P.M.	Pass the night.
Kupinova, 7th Sept. 4 A.M.	Witojercze 8 A.M.	An island.
	Mitrovits 13	The ancient Symium.
	Bonora Adioza 24	7 floating mills.
	Guzna 73	Pass the night.
Guzna, 8th Sept. 3 A.M.	Supanye 7½	10 Aust. 2 Bos mills.
	Schamacz 12½	Junction of the Bosna.
	Brood 5	Pass the night.
Brood, 9th Sept. 3½ A.M.	Swinar 8	Junction of the Verbas.
	Alt Gradisca ... 12	Austrian fortress.
	Jessenovacz 54	Junction of the Unna.
	Puska 74	Pass the night.
Puska, 10th Sept. 7½ A.M.	Lonya 8½	Retarded by a fog.
	Czaprak 14	Enter the Culpa.
	Sissek 2	Termination of the voyage.

DESCENT.

Sissek, 11th Sept. 8½ A.M.	Jessenovacz ... 3	Pass the night, and take in wood.
Jessenovacz, 12th Sept. 5 A.M.	Alt Gradisca .. 8½	The Save very narrow.
	Jaroge 6½	Pass the night.
Jaroge, 13th Sept. 4½ A.M.	Supanye 8	Brisk salute.
	Mitrovits 4½	Take in wood.
	Topola 5½	Pass the night.
Topola, 14th Sept. 5½ A.M.	Semlin 1½	Termination of the voyage.

The voyage was perfectly satisfactory; and there seems no reason for apprehending interruption to the navigation, either from want of water in summer, or floating ice in winter, as the experiment has been made during the driest month of the year; and the frosts of winter last only from the beginning of January to the beginning of February. The first day's voyage passed off without incident. On the 7th, when approaching Mitrovits, the Save was narrow and deep, and the vessel for some time ascended very slowly. This town will become the point of embarkation for the famous Schiller, or red Syrian wine, which is by many thought equal to Tokay. On the forenoon of the 8th, especial circumspection became requisite, as at Wuchijak, a place between Supanye and Schamacz, the river became broad and shallow, having two long sand-banks; but luckily both were got over without once grounding, and the reception of our smutty Argonauts, in the evening, at Brood, was in the highest degree gratifying. This is an important Austrian fortress; a salute was fired on the occasion, and the natives turned out *en masse*. The appearance of these people, with their long shaggy black locks, and their short black caftan (Gányacz), was striking. Their language is a curious mixture of Slavonic and Latin; for example, *Kakasyte dormirai—how did you sleep?* The vessel was visited by Major-Gen. von Neumann, the commandant of the fortress; and the evening was spent in festivity. On the 9th September, two officers of the fortress accompanied the vessel as far as Alt Gradisca, which is opposite Berbir, formerly an Austrian *tête de pont*, but now a Turkish fortress. A picturesque chain of hills, rising from the river, rendered this the most agreeable part of the voyage. At Jessenovacz, nine hujas farther up, the right bank ceases to be Turkish territory. The town is built of wood; and as it stands on piles, has been sometimes called New Amsterdam. On the 10th, at two o'clock, the boat reached Sissek, and was received with waving banners, joyous music, and firing of muskets. In the evening there was a public dinner, when the healths of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Archduke Palatine, were drunk with loud applause; and, on the 11th, accompanied by twenty-three individuals, the vessel started again on her downward voyage.

Should this experiment be followed up with spirit, the advantages which may flow from it can scarcely be overrated. The present trade on the Save and Drave is limited to barrel hoops, staves, firewood, &c., although the country could produce vast quantities of corn, wine, and iron. It is true, that the central parts between the two rivers are so thickly wooded, that the old Hungarian proverb is still applicable,—“*Si lupus essem, nolem alibi quam in Slavonia lupus esse*.”—but all along the Save, nature has poured forth her choicest blessings. On questioning my informant as to the quality of the soil, “fat and black” were the adjectives he used. It would be out of place to enter into an examination of those peculiar laws and institutions of Hungary, which hinder the influx of capital and the development of the national resources. I shall therefore content myself with remarking how curiously the interfering with the laws that regulate production and distribution, operates in two countries so different from each other. In England, land intended by nature for pasture, is devoted to the plough; and in Hungary, millions of acres of what might be garden ground, are abandoned to swine and cattle. Sissek is only forty English miles from Carlsstadt, between which and Fiume is the splendid road constructed under the direction of Baron Bukasowich; and I am informed that if the little cataract at Ozul were blown up, the Culpa would be navigable to within thirty or forty miles of the sea. As it is, Fiume may become the port of a great part of Hungary. I find by the last returns in the *Commercial Gazette*, that, in the month of August, the imports of this place were, 227,111 florins; and the exports, consisting principally of corn and tobacco, 349,904*l.* Should then this experiment be properly followed up, the Save will be the great highway between the Adriatic ports and Semlin, the Bannat, Transylvania, Szegedin, and all the towns on the Theiss and Marns.—Yours, &c. A. P.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Council of the Royal Society have decided on proposing, at the General Meeting, Nov. 30, that the Marquis of Northampton be elected to fill the Presidential Chair, vacant by the resignation of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Mr. Baily having also resigned the Treasurership, Mr. Lubbock will be nominated in his place.

The *Morning Chronicle* has made it a matter of taunt, that the last-issued number of the *Quarterly Review* contains no professedly political article; now we like the number all the better for the omission. Though, in our capacity of gossipers, we have nothing to do with this particular fact, still, and apart from all individual application, it is perfectly within our competence to animadvert on the custom which has grown up in our times, of dragging literature into the quarrels of religious and political partizans. To party writing *per se* we have no objection: in its place and season it has its uses; and when confined to its appropriate channel, should (critically as well as legally) be free to speak out manfully. But such writing is altogether foreign to the purposes of literature: Truth is of no party; and Literature, designed “to polish manners, and raise man above a state of brutality,” cannot but suffer in its utility by the amalgamation of the two. The periodical criticism of our times has been graced by the contributions of the most gifted writers in the nation, and has recorded their opinions on many of the principal subjects at issue among men; and it is surely to be deprecated that posterity should have its confidence in these productions shaken, by their juxtaposition with all sorts of one-sided views, party misstatements and revilings, and with judgments almost avowedly passed on men and on things with a sole reference to party effect. The right, the true, and the beautiful, belong to a higher and a purer atmosphere; and are not contingent upon the accidents of church and state arrangement. Is it not, then, a miserable defect impressed on our national intellect, —an evil beyond adequate expression,—if it should turn out that this fashion of party journalism has gone very far to incapacitate the masses for the reception (or the conception) of ubiquitous and eternal truths, and deformed their humanity by a sectarian and factious onesidedness? That something of this kind has been engendered by the abuses of journalism, can scarcely be denied; and its practical influence on our institutions and habits is already making itself felt to a dangerous extent. England, more than any other country, stands in need of a series of high-toned journals, open to the reception of truth, and determined to follow it courageously wherever it may lead, in the full conviction that whatever is, in nature, must be right. Whether in the present state of mind such journals would prove profitable speculations is another, and an important, question,—a question not wholly to be disregarded with impunity. Truth, we fear, has no party to back it; and, in order to procure friends, must still, as of old, be offered in homeopathic doses. But we have wandered from our theme, having intended merely to assign a reason for confining our reference to the two articles in the October *Quarterly*, which are the most free from all political associations—the article on Tate's Life and Writings of Horace, and that on Loudon's ‘Arboretum.’ The first of these, like the publication of which it gives an account, is scholar-like and highly interesting. It is the misfortune of classical literature that it communicates so little information concerning interior and domestic life, that we are apt to regard the populations of antiquity as mere fac-similes of ourselves; while, on the other hand, we clothe individuals in a garb of abstraction, that removes them above ordinary human nature, and places them in a field beyond our sympathies. The book which gives

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